

SEPTEMBER 3, 1881

# THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 614.—Vol. XXIV.

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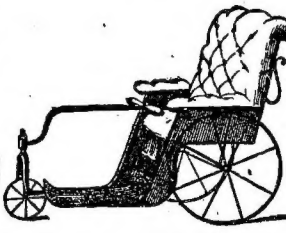
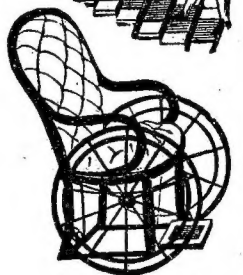
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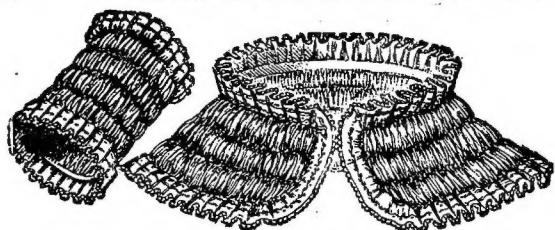
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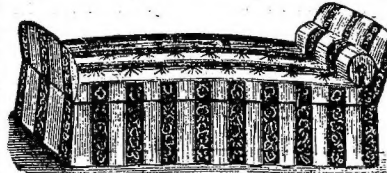
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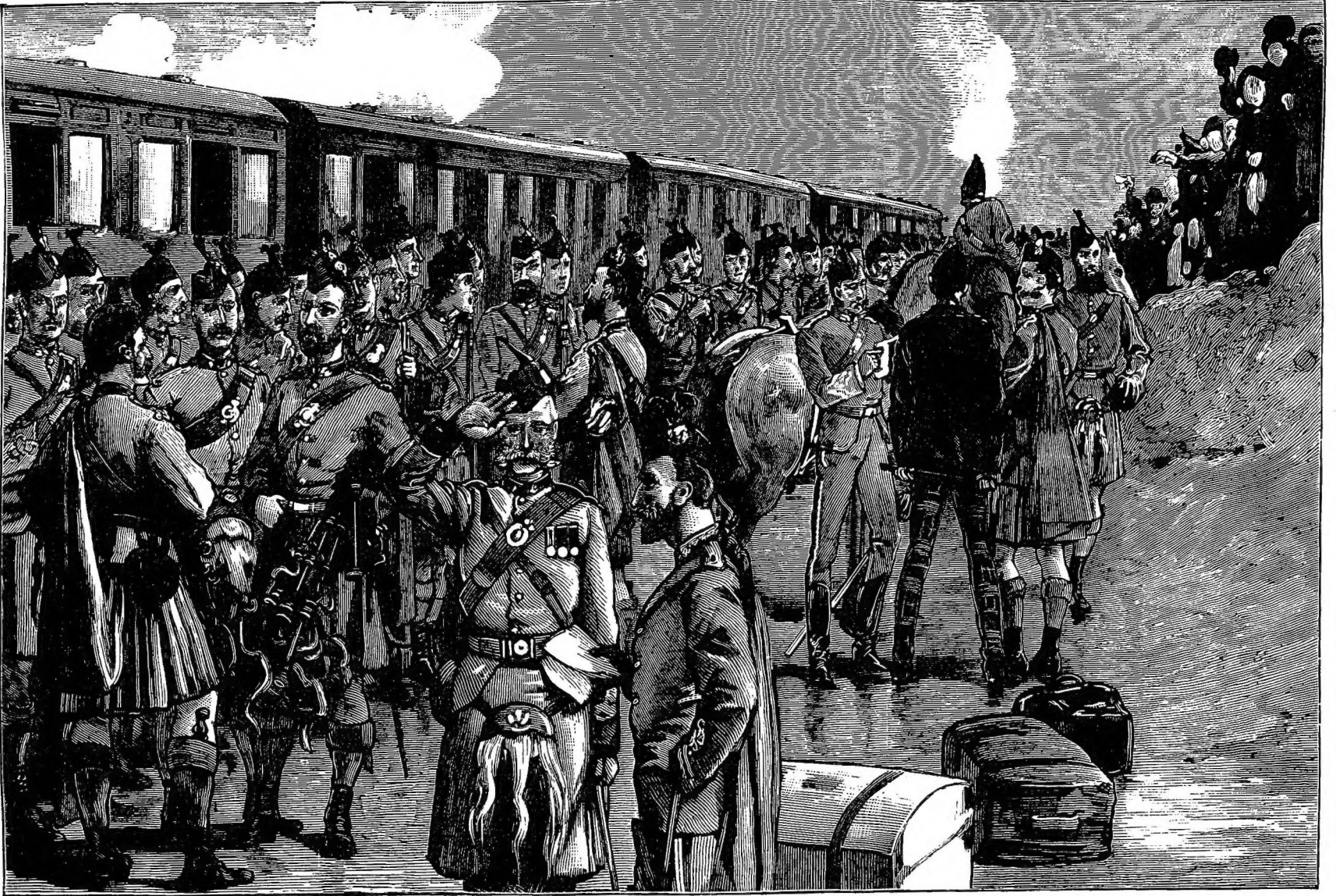
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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

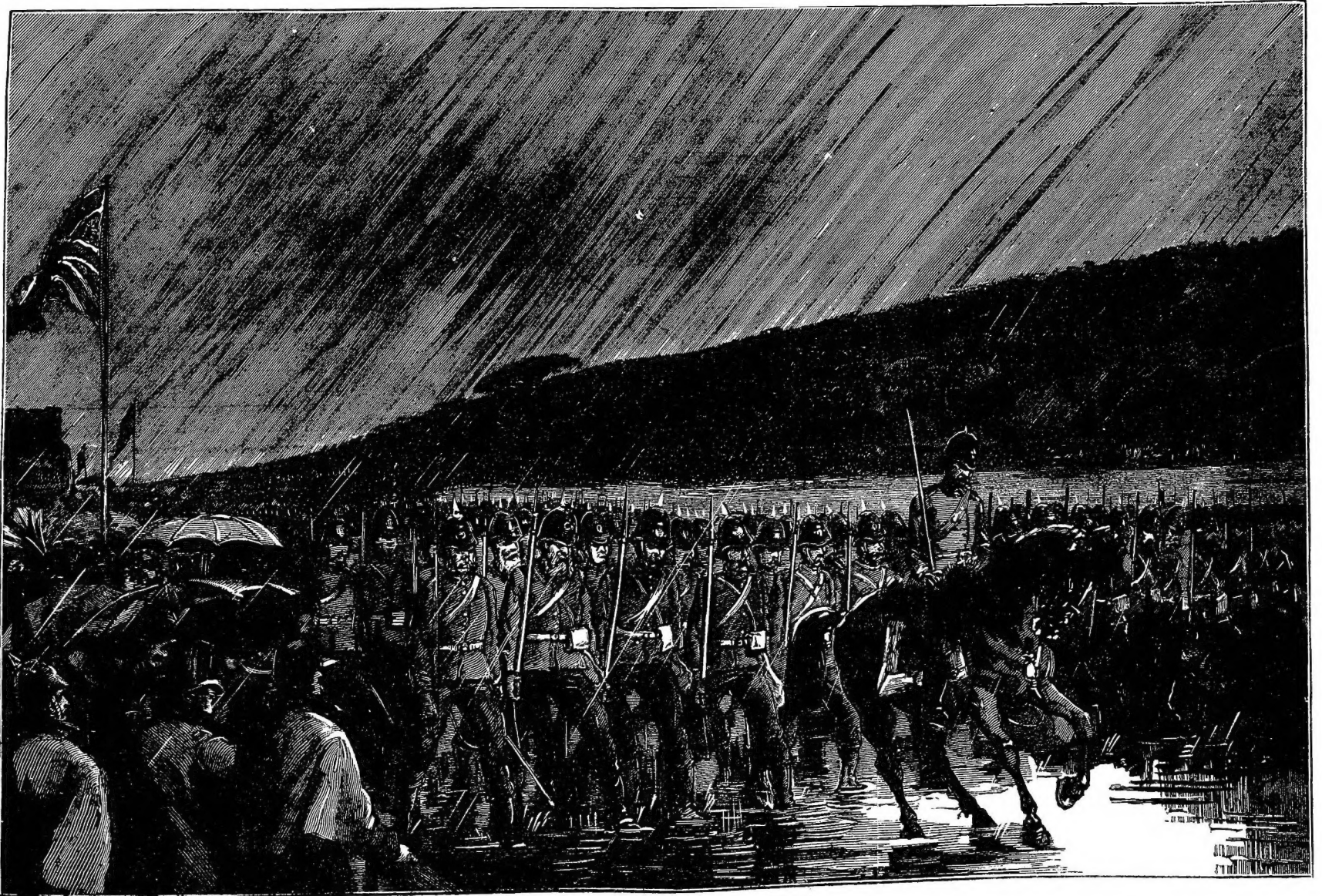
No. 614.—VOL. XXIV.  
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1881

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THE "LONDON SCOTTISH" DETRAINING AT LEITH WALK STATION



THE WADE PAST

THE ROYAL REVIEW OF SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS AT EDINBURGH



## Topics of the Week

**THE PROSPECT IN IRELAND.**—Englishmen of all parties, whether Liberal or Conservative, who would rather see their country prosper than their faction, hope that Mr. Gladstone's sanguine forecast may be fulfilled, and that the new Land Act will prove "a Message of Peace" to Ireland. It is quite true that many of us believe the agitation of the last two years to be artificial in its origin, and that it would speedily have died out but for the revolutionary hopes aroused by the new Whig-Radical Ministry, combined with their unwillingness to repress outrages. But, as the past is beyond recall, and as a majority of the constituencies approve of Mr. Gladstone's policy, it is only natural that all of us should desire that policy to bear wholesome fruit. It is to the interest of every one (professional agitators excepted) that Ireland should be contented and peaceable. If this happy result were attained, Parliamentary Obstruction would sink into nothingness, and the House of Commons, which is now in danger of becoming contemptible, would be able to attend to the long-neglected affairs of the Island of Great Britain. A pacified Ireland, too, would take the heart out of the dynamite agitators in America. Quite possibly these men may be lacking in the true conspirators' mettle, but for all that they may do something desperate just to prove to the Hibernian servant-girls of New York that they are not mere swindlers; and, at all events, they have succeeded in producing for many months past a very uneasy feeling in this country. Of the benefit which peace and contentment would bring to Ireland itself, it is needless to speak. But is there any near prospect of the realisation of these hopes? The regretful reply must be that thus far "the Message of Peace" has produced little or no effect. Brutal outrages are rife all over the island; the practice of Boycotting flourishes; "Emergency" men have to be brought from Ulster or from Lancashire to gather in the crops of unpopular persons; while the utterances of the Parnells (for Mr. Parnell has no mean ally in his enthusiastic sister) are more uncompromising than ever. Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, and the rest of the Land Leaguers declare that the Land Act is the merest morsel of concession, a crumb or two off the loaf which the Irish tenant is to get when his rent is altogether abolished. It is, however, just possible that the Land Leaguers are overshooting the mark. Irish tenant farmers are shrewd fellows, and they may foresee that as soon as they are settled on their farms rent free an army of hungry labourers will besiege their gates, calling them in their turn "bloody landlords," and demanding for themselves a share of the soil of "ould Erin." The tenant farmers may be glad, therefore, to take what Mr. Gladstone has given them, without demanding more. This, however, cannot be clearly ascertained until the Act has been practically at work for some time.

**THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.**—It is fifty years since the British Association was first organised at York, where it again meets to discuss the latest progress in Science. York, the city of parsons, is perhaps the most appropriate place for the men of science to retire to on the occasion. The more recent history of the Association has been a series of disputes between laboratory and pulpit, from which the former has cast many missiles, from Bathybius to the meteorite, with more or less effect, at the latter. Quite recently, however, there has been a truce. The same eclecticism which has allowed the clergy openly to recognise the benefits of dramatic performances has helped them to tolerate lecturers reconstructing the universe on brand-new principles. The Jubilee may thus in a sense be said to witness the marriage of Theology to Science. What will occur to most people with regard to the Association in the fiftieth year of its existence is that it has proved itself the most important of the peripatetic institutions of the country. Its arrival in large centres of population has, to compare great things with small, had the same effect as the visit of a menagerie to a rural village. Each visit of the Association has been a new occasion for scientific propagandism, just as the roaring from the cages of the menagerie has extensively popularised natural history. That, however, is probably a smaller benefit than the interchange of sentiments between the men credited with the pursuit of truth for truth's sake and the inhabitants of populous districts exclusively given over to money-making.

**THE LOSS OF THE "TEUTON."**—To the newspaper reader, casting a casual glance backwards, shipping disasters involving great loss of life appear to occur with appalling frequency. But if, on the other hand, the enormous amount of sea-traffic which is going on all over the world is taken into consideration, it will be found that the percentage of disaster is after all very small, and that a passenger on board a well-found ocean-steamer is practically as little likely to lose his life by accident as if he were walking in Fleet Street. Nevertheless, the knowledge of this undoubted fact does not lessen the pang of such a calamity as that which has befallen the *Teuton*, and that bright First of September morning was ushered in as a day of grief and anxiety to hundreds of persons who had friends or kinsfolk on board the ill-fated vessel. At the time we write nothing is certainly known concerning the loss of the *Teuton*, save that between Capetown and Cape Agulhas she struck

on a rock and shortly afterwards foundered, only a very small proportion of the crew and passengers being saved. The South African coast is proverbially treacherous, but it ought to be pretty well known to the masters of these regular traders, and therefore it is difficult to avoid the thought that the reprehensible practice of close-shaving in order to save a few hours' time may have been the proximate cause of the wreck. Then follows the irrepressible boat-question. In nearly all such wrecks as these the boat-service seems to break down. There are not enough boats to save all the people on board, and some of these are almost certain to founder alongside. All sorts of inventions have been patented, and they look very feasible in a description or an engraving, but when the crucial moment of disaster comes, they are found wanting. We repeat here a suggestion we made some years ago, namely, that on board all these long-voyage vessels, not only the crew, but the able-bodied male passengers, should be drilled regularly in anticipation of fire or shipwreck. Then, if the emergency did come, the coolness begotten of discipline would save many lives.

**AN UNFORTUNATE METAPHOR.**—Through some misunderstanding it became current news at the General Election that Mr. Gladstone had said that Irish outrages had disestablished the Irish Church. By dint of industrious repetitions from scores of platforms it has come to be taught that if Irishmen desire a reform they have only to blow up something. Clerkenwell is the locality generally alluded to as the successful scene of the reforming explosion; but any town hall or mayor's residence, it is supposed, will do. When the attempts fail, and malefactors are caught, it has always been argued that even the Premier admitted the connection between a successful blowing-up and a Parliamentary consideration of grievances. The repudiation by Mr. Gladstone of having ever spoken in such a sense does not appear to have broken down the feeling that between dynamite and social amelioration there is, in his opinion, a definite connection of cause and effect. He repudiates the connection in the metaphor that it was no more the cause than the ringing of the chapel bell is the cause of members of the House of Commons going to chapel. Addressed to a Nonconformist Assembly, the metaphor had a certain degree of suitability, the majority at once understood what it meant. But the first recess speeches are already showing that the metaphor has given an odour of sanctity to explosions conducted on political principles, which they did not formerly enjoy. The incident of laying down an infernal machine is being accepted as one not more surprising or exceptionable than the tolling of a bell; because the Premier is understood to have said so. Considering the case of the *Doterel* and the sustained Fenian menaces from the other side of the Atlantic, the time seems ripe for some official metaphor of greater strength than that implied in the tolling. The summons of quiet people to their Wesleyan chapels has certainly nothing in common with the insane cruelties of the new propagandism.

**ENGLISH HARVESTS.**—Many people are fascinated by columns of figures, and therefore, no doubt, the harvest-statistics which appeared in Tuesday's *Times* have been extensively read. Their intrinsic value is less obvious, for everybody, whether farmer, or ordinarily intelligent non-farmer, was already aware that a hot dry summer suits wheat and a cold wet one hurts it. At the same time, it is interesting to be reminded of the respective years of dearth and plenty which have occurred during the past hundred years. After glancing over these tables, one begins to doubt whether Nature intended England for a wheat-growing country, and the climate really seems to have worsened of late, for out of the twenty-three harvests between 1858 and 1880, only six were over, and seventeen under—some very much under—average. Then, as all the rest of the world is ready to step in when a deficiency occurs, the farmer is no longer compensated for a short crop by long prices. For the community at large this is, of course, an advantage; but it is a great disadvantage for the agriculturist, and now that the rains of August have spoilt the fair prospect of July, it is far from improbable that this, the third bad year in succession, may in many cases break him down altogether. There is no fear, whatever may happen, that the land of England will go entirely out of cultivation, but it is quite possible that the production of cereals, which has already diminished, may become an extinct industry. With a climate where three summers out of four are unsuited to wheat-growing, and with a constantly increasing competition from America, Russia, India, and Australia, the English farmer may in despair give up producing cereals. Ought a statesman to regard this prospect with equanimity? A war in which France and the United States were leagued against us (no impossible contingency) would imperil our foreign food-supply, a circumstance which might compel us to sue humbly for peace. If the farmers were as powerful electorally as they are in France, there would be a five-shilling duty on foreign corn, and this would be a benefit to the nation if it be granted (what of course Cobdenites will not admit) that a country should, as much as possible, feed itself from its own soil. But, as there is little if any chance of the re-imposition of a Corn Duty, we can but recommend the farmers to agitate systematically and strenuously for the abolition of all laws and customs which fetter their industry, and to devote more attention to the production of the minor articles of food which are now imported in such quantities from abroad.

**THE FRENCH PREMIERSHIP.**—The chief incident of the political situation in France, at the present moment, consists of M. Gambetta's intention with regard to taking office. Until the results of the elections are finally confirmed on Sunday nothing definite is likely to be known of them. There are fifty-seven *ballotages* due on that day, and, though no redistribution of parties could ensue, even if they fell into the hands of the Reactionists, the preliminaries to the formation of a Cabinet cannot go on till they are settled. There appears to be good reason for the universal agreement that if M. Gambetta is ever to take office the present is the best time to commence. There will be difficulty in making up a Cabinet which will serve with him. As yet, each list which has been proposed contains some impossible name, either of men who are too strong to be subservient or too weak to be efficient. But ex-Ministers are plentiful in France; M. Gambetta will walk to office through the *débris* of them, created by his own previous policies. At present he will have nothing to fear from the minor leadership of M. Clémenceau. So long as there were Bonapartist, Legitimist, and Orleanist sections willing, on occasion, to combine with the Extreme Left, this leadership was threatening, but these sections are now practically extinct. Probably the question of his future programme weighs more with M. Gambetta in favour of hesitation than any other set of considerations. He cannot accept office merely to carry on the administration of the country, but what can he propose that will at all answer the expectations of his followers? There is still reform in the Church and education, but after that what? It may be that the operations in Tunis foreshadow the answer.

**GREAT ENGINEERING ENTERPRISES.**—It is said that there is no profession which is more overstocked at the present time than that of the engineer, whether civil or mechanical. There was a great rush into this business, which was comparatively speaking a new line of life for educated men, during the prolonged period when the conveyancing systems of Europe and America were being revolutionised. But now all the more thickly-peopled regions of the civilised world are fairly supplied with railways, and the result is that there are almost more engineers than there is work for them to do. When Stephenson, half-a-century ago, was planning out the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, he had to train his own men, as there were few or no skilled persons at hand to carry his schemes into action; whereas now the engineering staff of the world is so numerous and well-organised, that it would suffice, in five or six years' time, to cover the planet Mars with a network of railways and steamboat lines, provided the inhabitants of that orb could be got at, and persuaded to see the advantages of the undertaking. But, pending hopes of achievements in adjacent planets, our engineers need not despair. Besides the enormous amount of reparation and alteration constantly needed by the harbours, bridges, railways, and steamboats of the world, there is a prospect of still more ambitious enterprises. As population constantly increases—and there appears every likelihood of this increase continuing—the more barren and uninviting parts of the earth will come into request. In these places the engineer may do much to redeem the apparent shortcomings of Nature. Even in our small islands the proper regulation and distribution of the water-supply would, if systematically and thoroughly carried out, afford employment to a large body of competent men. But there are far greater enterprises than this looming in the future. Such regions as the Sahara, if not flooded from the sea, might be rendered fertile by the introduction of water from the ranges of the Atlas. Already the Americans talk of damming back the Mackenzie River, which now flows uselessly into the circumpolar sea, so as to increase the supply in the streams further south. And, to turn to our own colonies, if the mountain region of the south-eastern portion of Australia were employed as a catchment-basin enough water could be retained to send two or three artificial "Niles" flowing through, and thereby fertilising, the low-lying desert regions of the interior.

**NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE OF GREAT BRITAIN.**—The agricultural classes of England and Scotland are offered the same assistance as the Irish Land League has rendered the tenant-farmer of Ireland. If they like to unite for Boycotting purposes, and to demand a strong Land Act, the National League will help them with a supply of unemployed oratory ready to demonstrate, at all points, the lamentable condition in which "Landlordism" keeps them. There can be no doubt that the forensic society has come into existence just in time to supply a want. English and Scotch farmers work better with their hands than their tongues; perhaps a more stammering class of men never suffered under the grievance of bad seasons, short leases, high rents, and overwhelming foreign competition. Yet it is doubtful whether the oratory which rouses the Irish will have much effect on the English tenant-farmers. They are, even under a consciousness of grievance, slow to anger, and if they are not successful at home they turn, without thought of treason, to the colonies. The class below the farmer is more prone to excitement; but then Ireland has her own labourers to help before she can begin upon Hodge.

**THE "GREAT EASTERN."**—This famous steam-ship is to be offered for sale on the 19th October. Should she meet with a purchaser, it will be interesting to see the use to which she will be put. She is now twenty-three years old,



and her career hitherto has not been so successful as to encourage the building of other vessels of similar dimensions. Her most profitable engagements have been when she was employed for the laying of deep-sea cables, but this kind of work is now more conveniently performed by vessels of a smaller size, such as the *Faraday*. The Brunels, both father and son, were men of genius, but their ideas were sometimes too magnificent to be consistent with commercial profit. The broad-gauge system of the Great Western Railway and the *Great Eastern* steamship are two of their best known exploits. The "Battle of the Gauges" has long since been fought out and decided; the broad-gauge having to retire from the field in favour of its less ambitious 4 foot 8½ inch brother. And, in like manner, her vast size has been the great obstacle in the way of the success of the *Great Eastern*. A vessel with such abnormal draught needed equally abnormal harbours. Such harbours, however, are rarely to be found; and to deepen harbours for the admission of such ships would be commercially unprofitable, unless all the world decided to build *Great Easterns*. At the same time it must be admitted that our steam ships are growing bigger and bigger. The new vessels of the Cunard Line are giants compared to their predecessors of thirty years ago; but then they can float in shallower water than is needed by the leviathan which sprang from Isambard Brunel's fertile brain.

NOTICE.—THE GRAPHIC this week consists of TWO WHOLE SHEETS, one of which is devoted to Illustrations of the ROYAL REVIEW OF SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS on Aug. 25.



**THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.**—GRAND PROMENADE CONCERTS. Every Evening at 8. Doors open at 7.30. Director and Musical Conductor, Mr. A. GWYLLYM CROWE. PROMENADE, ONE SHILLING.

**BRITANNIA THEATRE.**—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE. EVERY EVENING, at Seven (Wednesday excepted) THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER. Misses Eversleigh, Summers; Messrs. Howe, Reynolds, Leslie, Cameron, Drayton, Lewis. COMIC BALLET by the Lupino Family. Concluding Monday and Saturday with THE STOLEN JEWESS. Misses Adams, Lewis, Newham; Messrs. Newbound, Henry, Bigwood. Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, with THE MARINER'S COMPASS. By the Company. Wednesday, Benefit of Mr. Haynes.

**GRECIAN THEATRE.**—Sole Proprietor, Mr. T. G. CLARK. EVERY EVENING, at 8, THE SEA OF ICE. Mr. J. H. Clydes, Messrs. G. Sennett, T. Sennett, H. Monkhouse, Clifford, Syms, Parker, Vincent, Leigh, &c.; Mesdames Verner, Victor, Elliott, Arnold, Leigh, &c. Preceded, at 7, by THE AREA BELLE.

**BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.**—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART. Mrs. H. Nye Chart has the pleasure to announce that a SPECIAL MORNING PERFORMANCE will take place on Saturday, Sept. 3, when will be represented the Celebrated Comic Opera, in Three Acts, entitled LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE, adapted by H. B. Farnie and R. Reece, from the Folly and Globe Theatres, London.

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**SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS, 115, STRAND.**  
Now on View. RORKE'S DRIFT, by A. DE NEUVILLE,  
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**DORIS GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO"** ("Full of Divine dignity."—*The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

**BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.**—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon; from London Bridge 10.35 a.m., calling at Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

**BRIGHTON.**—PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAINS leave Victoria for Brighton every Week-day at 10.0 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and from Brighton at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m.; also from Victoria on Sundays 10.45 a.m., and from Brighton 8.30 p.m.

**THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.**—EVERY SATURDAY. Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m., and London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon, calling at Clapham Junction. Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-guinea (including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion).

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**TICKETS** and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; and at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

**HARWICH ROUTE to the CONTINENT.**—The pleasantest and cheapest Route to BELGIUM (the Ardennes), Switzerland, Holland (Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee), Germany, the Rhine, &c., &c.—Through Tickets and Tours to all parts of the Continent.—Passengers from the North Midland Counties can book at the same fares from Peterborough and Cambridge as from London, thus saving the fares between those stations and London. 24 hours' notice must be given to the Great Eastern Station-masters at Peterborough, Cambridge, or any country station, of the tickets required, or they can be sent by post in exchange for Post Office Order, addressed to the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station. Read "The Great Eastern Illustrated Tourist Guide to the Continent," by Percy Lindley, 6d., at all Bookstalls, post free 8d.—Time Books and any information can be obtained free of the West End Booking Office, 44, Regent Street, or of the Continental Traffic Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

**GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.**—Royal Route *viâ* Crinan and Cheltenham Canals by Royal Mail new swift Steamer *Columbia* or the *Iona* from Bridge Wharf, Glasgow, daily, at 7 a.m., and from Greenock at 9 a.m., conveying Passengers for Oban, North and West Highlands. Official Guide Book, 2d.; Illustrated Copies, 6d. and 1s. See Bill, with Map and Tourist Fares, free, at Messrs. CHATTO and WINDUS, Publishers, 214, Piccadilly, London, or by post, free, from the Owner, DAVID MACBRAYNE, No. 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

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VOLUME XXIII.

OF  
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THE ROYAL REVIEW OF SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS AT EDINBURGH

See page 258

OUR engraving, entitled "The Saluting Point," contains a representation of the Royal Scottish Standard, which was hoisted there by Her Majesty's express command. It will be seen that the emblems upon it are three leopards in the first and fourth quarters, the lion ("the ruddy lion ramped in gold") in the second, and the harp in the third. The accompanying engraving shows



THE ROYAL ARMS OF SCOTLAND,

which in 1603, in consequence of the Union of the Crowns of England and Scotland, were first quartered with those of England and Ireland. The Treaty of Union of 1707 declared that the ensigns of the United Kingdom should be in future such as Her Majesty should appoint "on all flags, banners, standards, and ensigns, both on sea and land;" the same mode of marshalling being adopted in England and Scotland; but another part of the same treaty has been supposed by some to leave room for a different mode of marshalling on the Great and other Seals of Scotland. The question was raised in 1853 by a petition from the magistrates of Brechin, and after reference to the Home Office and to Garter King at Arms, it was decided that Scotland was entitled to precedence on the judicial Seals of the country.

#### "A SAXON HOUSEWIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES"

THIS picture, which was recently exhibited at the United Arts Gallery, New Bond Street, is the first work of a young artist of great promise, Hugo Vogel, who is a native of Magdeburg, Saxony, and who received his professional education under Professor Wilhelm Sohn, of the Dusseldorf Academy. The picture is rich and harmonious in colour, and the composition full of grace, dignity, and refinement. The subject represents the interior of the abode of a philosopher of the sixteenth century. The industrious housewife of that period has paused in her work to inspect a newly-printed Bible. An exceedingly clever realistic effect is produced with the window, through which comes a mellow light, bringing the figure into strong relief.

#### SOCIAL LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND

WHILE races like the Chinese, who, in the estimation of Europeans and Americans are, to say the least, a somewhat unattractive people, not only hold their own at home, but increase and multiply wherever they go, the far more interesting inhabitants of New Zealand and the South Sea Islands are rapidly dying out. It is not merely that they are killed off by European vices and European diseases, the mere presence of the white invaders seems to have a paralysing effect, children are born in constantly decreasing numbers, so that the death-rate is always in excess of the birth-rate. Forty years ago there were 100,000 Maories in New Zealand, now there are less than 40,000. A melancholy interest therefore attaches to this decaying race, which is possessed of many fine qualities, and which had a civilisation of its own of no mean order before the white man introduced his civilisation and Christianity.

Our sketches need no lengthened explanation. A Maori woman has been married to a white man (of the Irish persuasion probably, judging by his name), and now that she is left a widow she has returned with her half-caste daughter among her own kinsfolk. The top sketch depicts a house of mourning. A chieftain has died, perhaps a great warrior in the old fighting days, as is indicated by the sword laid upon the bier. One of the chiefs in the right-hand sketch wears, as is not uncommon among his countrymen, a costume which is a compromise between the Pakeha (European) and the Maori. The robe is decidedly native; the head-gear, barring its barbaric ornamentation, is European. In the Runangu House we see an ordinary social gathering. The large figures are not idols now, whatever they may have been in the days of heathenism. The native huts, commonly called "wharries," give a fair notion of the usual Maori habitation. The pig, by the way, originally introduced by Captain Cook, is a conspicuous feature of New Zealand quadruped life, as in many parts of the country he runs wild, and is shot as a nuisance.

#### THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL CONGRESS

See page 258

#### SKETCHES AT AIX-LES-BAINS

THIS favourite resort is situated on Lake Bourget, in a delightful valley near Chambéry, at the foot of Mont Revel, and is distant

from Paris 362 miles. The bathing establishments, which are specially recommended for gout, rheumatism, and skin-disorders, are supplied by three different sulphurous springs. In the town there are some ruins dating from the fourth century, and at Haute Combe Abbey, on the borders of the lake, there is a handsome church, containing the tombs of the Dukes of Saxony, and many fine monuments. Boating is one of the principal amusements; there are boats which make the tour of Lake Bourget, stopping at all the principal places.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. E. B. Crawley Bocory.

#### A STREET IN PORT LOUIS

See page 259

#### "THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN, 1574"

THERE are few more exciting episodes in modern history than the sieges and subsequent relief of the cities of Leyden and of Londonderry; and, although the two events are separated from each other by more than a century of time, there is a remarkable similarity in their incidents. In each case beleaguered Protestants were defending themselves against Roman Catholic besiegers, and in each case the relief of the city, when it had been reduced to the utmost extremity of famine, was effected by sea. Every one will remember Macaulay's spirited description of the English relieving ships entering Lough Foyle, and at last forcing a passage to the city of Derry; while Motley's account of the relief of Leyden is even more romantic. The gallant Dutch, preferring to be drowned rather than enslaved under the Spanish yoke, cut the dykes, in order that a relieving flotilla, under the command of Admiral Boisot, might approach the walls of Leyden. For many days, owing to the prevalence of easterly winds, and the consequent shallowness of the water which had been admitted by the cutting of the dykes, the fleet could not get near enough. At length, on the 1st and 2nd October a violent equinoctial gale increased the depths of the inland waters, the Spaniards fled panic-stricken from their forts, and on the 3rd Leyden was relieved.

The following quotation from Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" explains Mr. Staniland's picture: "The Admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zealanders, emaciated burgher-guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children—nearly every living person within the walls, all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way."

#### A BABY ORANG-OUTANG

STAFF-SURGEON R. V. MACCARTHY, of H.M.S. *Flying Fish*, to whom we are indebted for the photograph from which our engraving was taken, writes as follows:—"This animal was obtained by me at Sandaken, on the north-east coast of Borneo, last February, and was then five months old. It belongs to the smaller species, which do not as a rule exceed four feet in height, those of the larger kind reaching the height of five feet. This has been denied by Mr. Wallace, but Mr. Pryer, the Resident at Sandaken, who has been over three years in the country, assures me that he has seen several specimens which were quite that height, and Percy St. John in his book on Borneo, 'Life in the Forests of the Far East,' makes a similar statement. This animal now weighs over twelve pounds, its height is 23 inches, and it measures from finger to finger across the body 39¾ inches. While in my possession it has increased nearly 3 lbs. in weight, 1 inch in height, and 1½ inches between the tips of fingers. It readily eats all kinds of fruit, but prefers potatoes and bread broken up finely in milk, on which I have principally fed it. It is very childlike in its ways, and when refused anything it specially likes in the way of food, it throws itself on the deck on its back, and screams and kicks like a spoiled child. Its principal amusement is swinging itself about among the ropes. When walking it moves along on all fours very awkwardly and helplessly. I propose sending it home to the Zoological Gardens in Dublin when a good opportunity offers."

#### ON BOARD A STEAM TRAWLER

See page 260

#### TO THE GREAT NORTH-WEST—IV.

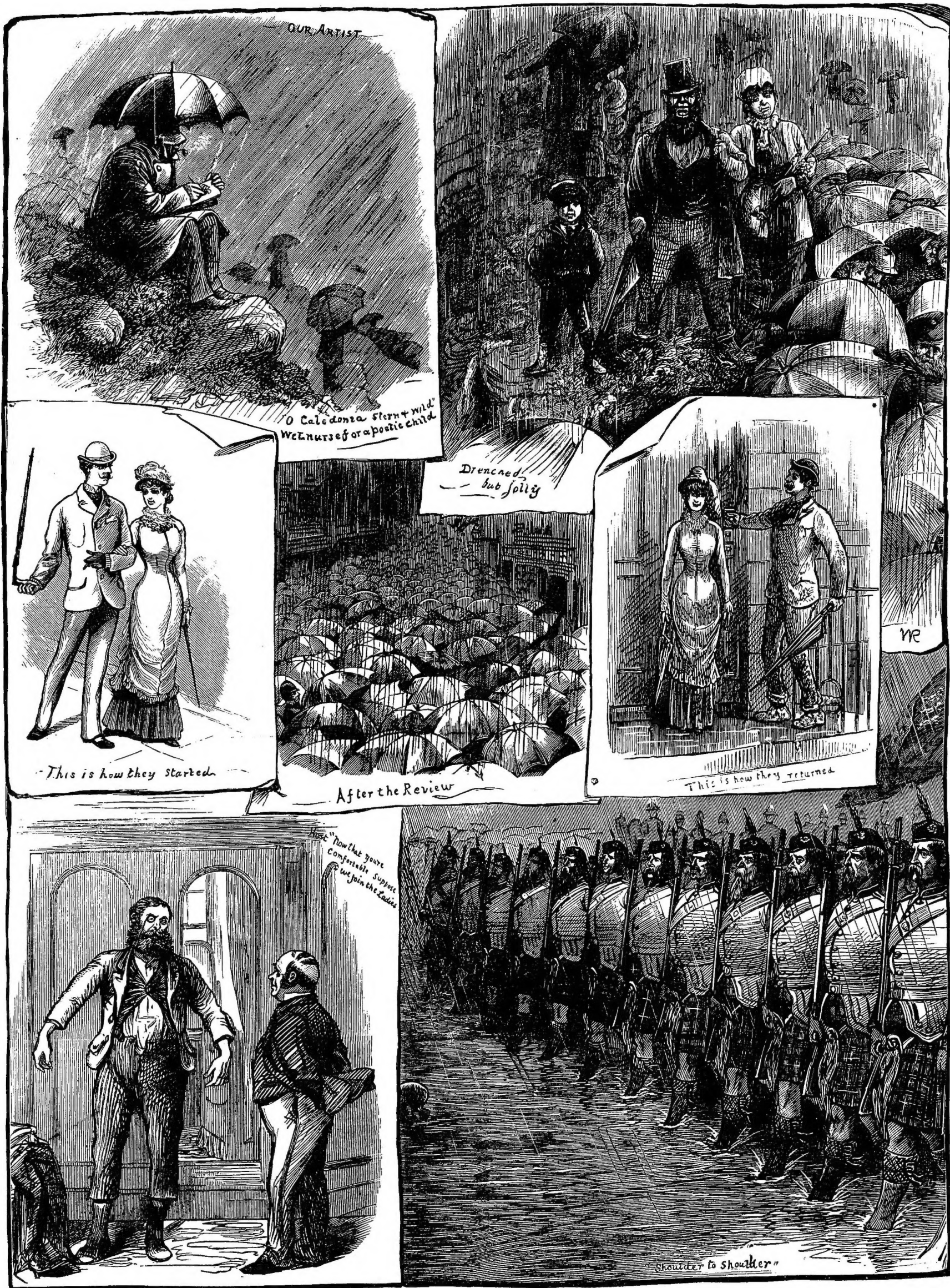
WE last week left the Marquis of Lorne and his company of fellow-voyagers on Lake Huron. After this he passed through the narrow strait which separates Lake Huron from Lake Superior, and, crossing that last-named great inland sea, landed at Prince Arthur's Landing in Thunder Bay, on the north-western shore of the lake. Here begins a finished portion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which will ultimately extend as far as New Westminster, on the Pacific Coast, but of which at present only a portion is constructed.

From Thunder Bay the Viceregal party started at 6 A.M. by special train, flat cars, neatly fitted up with awnings, being extemporised for the occasion, and the run of some two hundred and odd miles to the end of the track was made by 7 P.M., when an *al fresco* dinner was served on the high banks of the Wabigon or Wabegoon Lake. Here about 300 Indians had assembled in their canoes, arrayed in their war-paint. Races were run, and afterwards there was a grand pow-wow and war dance. The chief of these Indians introduced his wife, or, perhaps it would be safer to say, one of his wives, to the Governor-General.

Next morning, July 27th, a pleasant sail of fifteen miles over Wabegoon Lake brought the party to the beginning of a tiresome walk under a burning sun to Seven-Mile Portage. The Marquis, with two companions, was the first to reach the landing, and he was apparently the least fatigued of the whole party. As the view of Eagle Lake met his eyes, bearing on its placid bosom a neatly-decorated tug and barge, and canoes, with gaily uniformed crews, he ejaculated: "Well, this is a pleasant surprise!" a remark that was re-echoed time and again as others of the party gradually straggled in. His Excellency was at once taken by canoe to the barge, and conveyed to camp on Garden Island, where a dozen tents had been pitched for the night's camping. Here, in the heart of the North American Continent, the Heir of the Argyles was welcomed by a piper, Murdoch Reid of Winnipeg, arrayed (in spite of bloodthirsty mosquitoes) in true Highland costume, and striking up from his gaily be-ribboned pipes the welcome strains of "Hieland Laddie."

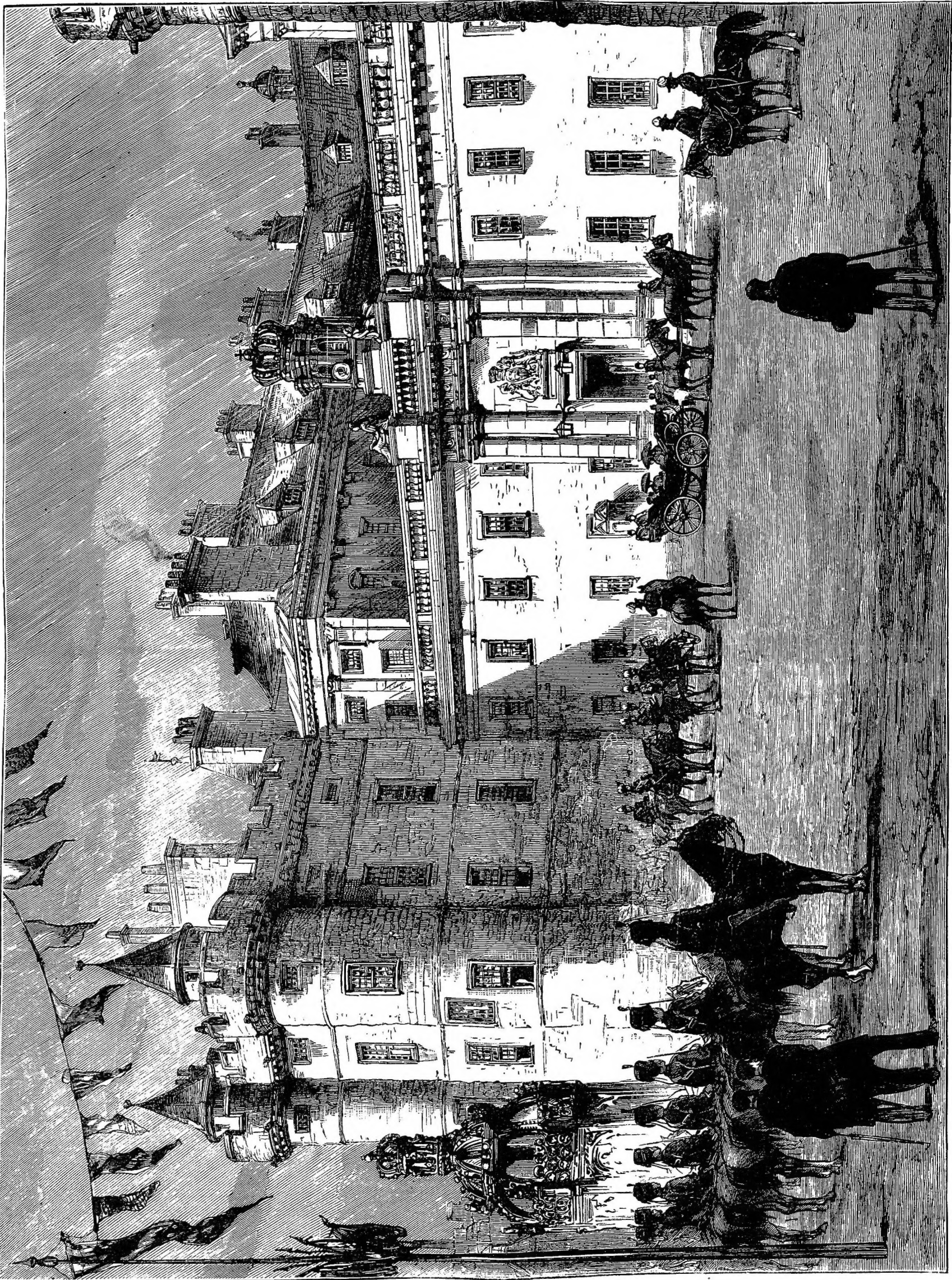
The arrangements for the journey between the Seven-Mile Portage and the Rat Portage were placed under the direction of the contractors of that portion of the railway line. They seem to have acquitted themselves admirably. The distance between the two places is, as the crow flies, about 75 miles; by the route taken it was 157. The start was made at 7 A.M. on the 28th July. The day was perfection—a genuine Manitoban summer day—the sun brilliant, and the breeze cool. There was a sixty miles sail down





THE ROYAL REVIEW OF SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS AT EDINBURGH





THE ROYAL REVIEW OF SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS AT EDINBURGH — DEPARTURE OF HER MAJESTY FROM HOLYROOD PALACE



the whole of Eagle Lake. Then, after a short portage of a quarter of a mile, Clearwater Lake was entered, where another pleasing surprise awaited the Governor-General. Drawn up in line were eight birch-bark canoes, gaily decorated, and manned by crews dressed in red shirts, blue caps, and white trousers. The crews were all picked men, one Scotch, another Caughnawaga, the rest were native. They traversed the lake in procession, the Caledonians acting as his Excellency's body-guard.

At dusk, Summit and Mile Lakes having been traversed, a final land portage brought the party to Dryberry Lake, where two huge camp-fires were burning. A charming spot had been selected for the camp, walled in by two rocky cliffs, and a deep forest abutting on a sandy beach, well fitted for strolling and bathing purposes. The camps were arranged with surprising neatness, under the direction of two young men, Messrs. J. W. Bain and J. Macdonald. The beach was spread with soft boughs, a right royal carpet of green; and both the dinner at night and the breakfast in the morning were, says the enthusiastic reporter of the *Winnipeg Weekly Times*, gems in their way.



**PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.**—The labour of legislation is at last brought to an end for a time, Parliament having been formally prorogued on Saturday until November 12th. A Review of the Session appears on page 258. The Convocations of Canterbury and York also stand prorogued until November 14th.

**NEW PEERS AND KNIGHTS.**—The Right Hon. E. Nugent Leeson, Earl of Milltown, has been elected as representative peer for Ireland, in the room of the late Earl of Wicklow; and Her Majesty has conferred the dignity of the peerage upon the Marquis of Tweeddale, the Earl of Howth, Lord Reay, Sir Harcourt Johnstone, Sir Henry Tufton, and Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks, M.P. The arduous work performed by the Speaker of the House of Commons during the past Session is acknowledged by the bestowal of the Order of the Grand Cross of the Bath (Civil Division), the highest dignity which could be conferred upon him without necessitating his removal from the Lower Chamber. Her Majesty has also conferred the honour of knighthood upon Mr. William MacCormac, the organiser and honorary secretary of the recent International Medical Congress.

**"WANTED, SOME PRINCIPLES."**—Under this heading Mr. Auberon Herbert has written an incisive and characteristic letter to *The Times*, in which he asks whether the old Radical party is dead or banished to Saturn. Amongst the modern Liberals he finds many kinds of political opportunists, organisers, and tacticians, but he looks in vain for men who resolutely stand up for their own principles and convictions. He propounds a number of embarrassing questions as to the rival political parties of the day, and winds up by declaring his gratitude that two members of the Government felt sufficiently strong to leave the Government rather than meet to-day's difficulty by the sacrifice of to-morrow; and the hope that before the next elections some other Liberals will "help us to shake off our present tendency of sinking into a state of political Roman Catholicism, and letting a high priest think and act for us."

**IRELAND.**—Mr. Forster, having put things in trim for the organisation of the Land Commission, has gone for a short holiday to Switzerland. Father Sheehy and Mr. T. Brennan have received formal notice that they are not yet to be released. A very Irish project has been started in Wicklow to reward Michael Davitt for his anti-landlordism by presenting him with an estate, which, however, Mr. Egan, writing from Paris, declares that he would not accept. Mr. Dillon, M.P., speaking at a banquet given in his honour at Dublin on Monday, said that Mr. Parnell's new programme was, under the circumstances, the wisest that the leader could adopt, but at the same time declared his own inability to acquiesce in it, and announced his intention of "standing aside for a time," though he knew that in doing so he exposed himself to the risk of being called a coward. The "Message of Peace" seems to have little effect on the condition of the country, this week's catalogue of outrages being rather longer than usual. At several places bands of armed men have fired at unoffending persons; in King's County a field of Boycotted wheat has been destroyed by rolling it with a roller; in Roscommon 200 acres of meadow land have been trampled down by a mob of men who assembled for the purpose; and in Wexford some land from which the mother of a Catholic priest had been evicted has been visited by about 3,000 people, who cut, bound, threshed, and carried off the entire crop of wheat, the Property Defence men and police, who were in charge, being powerless to interfere.

**THE NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE OF GREAT BRITAIN** met in convention at Newcastle-on-Tyne on Monday, Mr. Justin M'Carthy presiding, and occupied themselves in revising the provisional constitution of the League, and the election of an Executive; after which resolutions were passed expressing sympathy with Mr. A. M. Sullivan on account of his severe illness; and "love and admiration" for Michael Davitt, the founder of the Land League movement. In the evening a public meeting was held in the Town Hall, at which Mr. Cowen, M.P., spoke, condemning the Government for not releasing the Irish "suspects," and the Land Act because it was too abstruse and intricate. He added that whether it turned out a success or a failure the Irish people knew to whom they were indebted for it, for there would have been no legislation had there been no agitation. He abhorred the dynamite policy, which received tacit if not open approval across the Atlantic, but it was the answer to our barbarous and inhuman treatment of Irish political prisoners. The little bread which we had thrown upon the waters had come back to us in barrels of dynamite and boxes of infernal machines.

**MISS PARNELL** is still helping her brother in his political work. Speaking at Glasgow on Saturday she appealed to the electors to "work each as ten men to deprive of power that wretched, hypocritical, bloodthirsty miscreant, William Gladstone, who had slaughtered her countrywomen to suit his own vanity."

**ELECTION NEWS.**—Sir George Elliot (C.) contests the vacancy in North Durham against Mr. Laing (L.). In North Lancashire Colonel Tomline (L.) and Mr. J. Lowther (C.) are the rival candidates. In Cambridgeshire Mr. Rodwell, Q.C., having accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, Mr. Fordham (L.) and Mr. J. R. Bulwer, Q.C., do battle for the seat. In County Tyrone the candidates are Mr. Dickson (L.), Colonel Stuart Knox (C.), and the Rev. H. Rylett, a Unitarian minister, who is the Land League nominee, and on whose behalf Mr. Parnell has been speaking with his usual vigour.

**FENIAN ALARMS.**—In an editorial in the *United Irishman* this week O'Donovan Rossa says:—"We are told that from the 1st of September Irish people in England and Ireland will take such measures to attack all ships sailing under the English flag as will render it perilous to travel in such ships. We believe what we are told on that subject, and, as far as our words can reach, we deem it well to tell all travelling people that it is our opinion that it will not be advisable to patronise ships sailing under the English flag. American and Irish papers please copy." The same paper contains a letter from Crowe of Peoria, in which he says, "I know that infernal machines are being manufactured and sold in large numbers, and from what I know of the fellows who deny them, if St. Patrick came down from Heaven and told me that there would

be no blowing up of English ships in the next few months, I would not believe him. After September the 1st, I would not venture on an English ship for any money." Both these lucubrations are probably intended to frighten people, and thus damage the British shipping interest.—At Devonport last week great excitement was caused by the rumour that the local police had arrested two men and two women in the act of manufacturing infernal machines. It seems that some detectives did actually visit a house to which their attention had been drawn by the circumstance that the shop blinds were always closed, but their search was fruitless, and they were satisfied that there were no grounds for suspecting the occupants.—At Bloxwich (Staffordshire) great damage has been done to a house occupied by a maker of herb-beer by the explosion of a quantity of dynamite, which with a fuse attached had been thrown on to the roof of the porch. Fortunately no one was injured. The motive of the outrage is a mystery.

**MR. BRADLAUGH** has issued a lengthy manifesto, appealing to the people against "sheer brute force." He says, "To the law I have always bowed, even when unjust, but to illegal force I cannot and will not. At present the Government, in my case, does nothing, and I turn to the people. Conservatives say that I refused the oath. The journals of the House show that I never did anything of the kind. Conservatives say that I paraded my heretical opinions in the House. Hansard shows that I carefully avoided saying even one solitary word as to my opinions. In truth, in the whole course of my life I have never introduced my religious heresies into my political speeches. In the war against me the Conservative party both inside and outside the House have been breaking through all rules of decency, of honour, and of truth. Even my daughters are not safe from the assault of a Parliamentary coward like Sir Henry Tyler. . . . I cannot say how the struggle will end, for one man against a great party is no light contest. One man against the majority of the House, and that majority powerful and unscrupulous—these are no slight odds. I can only ask justice from the people."

**THE "DOTEREL" COURT MARTIAL** is now going on at Devonport, but there is very little promise of anything being elicited as to the actual cause of the disaster, the extreme suddenness of which naturally deprived the survivors of the opportunity of accurately observing what really took place. Nevertheless, the inquiry may not be without its uses, for the mass of contradictory statements which have been made concerning the arrangements and fittings of the vessel are so startling, that we should imagine a thorough reform in the management of the Royal dockyards must be the result. It seems to be impossible to discover whether the *Doterel's* coal bunkers were ventilated or not, whether the magazine was air-tight or not, whether its flooring was of iron or wood, and whether there was or was not a watertight bulkhead. On Wednesday a seaman diver stated that he found the ship completely broken in two: the after part being intact, but choked with *débris*, whilst the fore-part, where the magazine and coal-bunkers were located, had been blown to atoms. Lieutenant Pitt, who had charge of the diving operations, gave it as his opinion that there had been no explosion in the coal-bunkers, and all the divers agreed that the boilers did not explode, and were uninjured except by the fall of *débris*. In the report forwarded by Captain Medleycott, of H.M.S. *Turquoise*, the opinion was expressed that the explosion originated in the magazine.

**THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION** began its Jubilee Congress at York on Wednesday, Sir John Lubbock, the President-Elect, delivering an Inaugural Address, in which he dealt with the great progress which had been made in science during the past fifty years, and concluded by expressing a confident hope that more unexpected and brilliant discoveries would mark the next fifty years. The one great lesson which science taught was how little we know and how much we had still to learn. On Thursday there was a *soirée* in the Assembly and Concert Rooms; yesterday (Friday) Professor Huxley was to deliver an address on "The Rise and Progress of Palaeontology;" and to-night a lecture to the working classes was to be given by Professor Osborne, F.R.S.

**THE BRITISH PHARMACEUTICAL CONFERENCE** is also in session at York, under the presidency of Mr. R. Reynolds, F.C.S., of Leeds, who in his opening Address on Monday reviewed the history of pharmacy for the past half century, congratulated his hearers upon the fact that prosecutions for selling adulterated drugs were yearly becoming more rare, and said that as the rapid progress of organic chemistry must lead to numerous additions to the *Materia Medica*, it was an unsolved but most interesting problem how future pharmacists were to get their technical education. He earnestly advised that all should avail themselves of the advanced instruction now provided in those chief towns where public laboratories were open the whole day.

**RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.**—The total number of persons killed during last year in the working of railways was 1,136, while 3,958 were injured. Of these, 143 killed and 1,613 injured were passengers, 546 killed and 2,080 injured were officers or servants of the railway companies or contractors; and 447 killed and 265 injured were trespassers, suicides, or victims of accidents at level crossings. The proportion of passengers killed, whose deaths resulted from causes beyond their own control, was one in 20,927,034, while that of the injured was one in 667,300. One hundred and eighteen train accidents were inquired into and reported on by the officers of the Board of Trade. These figures lend force to the memorial just sent to the Railway Companies of the United Kingdom by the Joint Secretaries of the Railway Servants' Nine Hours Movement, asking that men employed on ordinary duties shall not work more than nine hours per day, and signallers and shunters not more than eight, and that Sunday labour shall be curtailed as much as possible,—reasonable demands which we think might be conceded by the Companies, without in the long run involving them in any very great pecuniary loss.

**BILLINGSGATE MARKET.**—The latest scheme for relieving the block in the London fish trade comes from Mr. John Dixon, who, in a letter to *The Times*, suggests the construction of a railway tunnel through the London clay at a depth of 150 or 250 feet, connecting the market with the Devonshire Street Terminus on the one hand, and with the Bricklayers' Arms Station on the other. The proposed line would be about 4,000 yards in length, and would cost 300,000*l.* Mr. Dixon adds that the ventilation of such a tunnel and the shafts connecting it with the surface would be no more difficult than the ventilation of any useful public project through the obliging columns of *The Times*.

**THE HOSPITAL SATURDAY FUND** is to be collected to-day. The cause needs no recommendation, but it may be well to remind our readers that the demands upon the resources of the metropolitan hospitals are ever increasing; and that the Hospital Sunday collection of this year was larger than that of any previous one.

**AN EARTHQUAKE SHOCK** is reported to have been felt at Teversal, in Nottinghamshire, about midday on Friday last week. Being a mining district, it was at first thought that an explosion had occurred in one of the pits, but it was not so, and fortunately little damage was done beyond the displacement of a few bricks and some plaster from two or three of the houses. The station-master was thrown from his seat by the shock, but not otherwise injured. On Saturday a similar shock was felt at Corey, in the south-east of Ireland.

**A FATAL FIRE** occurred on Saturday at Notting Hill, close to the spot where the recent incendiary fire took place, and, as in that case, great complaint is made respecting the long distance (a mile and a quarter) to the nearest fire-engine station. Two little children

were burnt to death, whilst two others with their aged grandmother were with difficulty rescued by a Mr. John Hughes, who, observing smoke issuing from the house, procured a ladder, and bravely forced his way through an upper window, and was himself much burnt about the face and arms.

**AN EXTRAORDINARY ACCIDENT** occurred the other day at the Dundee Public Baths, where a boy, disregarding the rules, jumped in to bathe whilst the water was being let off, and was drawn by the powerful suction through a pipe, only twelve inches in diameter, and more than twenty feet in length, and ejected into the River Tay, where, although bruised, torn, and bleeding, he fortunately rose to the surface and swam ashore.

**THE SHEFFIELD CUTLERS' FEAST** was to be held on Thursday, when Sir Stafford Northcote would be the chief guest. Mr. J. E. Bingham is the new Master Cutler. A memorial bust of the late Mr. Roebuck, the work of a Sheffield sculptor, has been placed in the Cutlers' Hall.

**OBITUARY.**—Mr. Charles Lamb Kenney, the well-known journalist, dramatic author, and critic, died on the 25th ult., at the age of fifty-eight. He assisted M. de Lesseps in the promotion of the Suez Canal, and was associated with Sir J. Paxton in some of his public works.



**Claude Duval**, the new comic opera produced last week at the OLYMPIC, is a bright, piquant, melodious little work, which fully deserves the success it seems likely to achieve. Mr. H. P. Stephens, the librettist, has depended more upon his own imagination than upon history or tradition for his plot; but amongst an abundance of romantic incidents is the celebrated one recorded by Macaulay and transferred to canvas by Mr. Frith, R.A., where the daring but gallant highwayman stops a lady's coach on Newmarket Heath, and restores three-fourths of his booty to its fair owner on condition that she dances a minuet with him. Mr. E. Solomon's music, bright and lively throughout, is at intervals quite fascinating. The ballad of "The Willow and the Lily," sung by the heroine (Miss Marion Hood), with its plaintive mediæval chorus, "Heigho! So the Story Goes," is very pretty; and most quaint and catching is the *aria*, "My Name's Sir Whiffle Whaffle," cleverly sung by Mr. Arthur Williams, whose get up and deportment as a conceited fop was marvellously amusing. Mr. F. H. Celli's impersonation of the handsome and chivalrous Duval was spirited and graceful, his fine voice and commanding presence according well with the character. Mr. Fred. Solomon did the best that could be done with a part which was intended to be funny, but was little short of repulsive. His song, "William's Sure to be Right," though rather of the music hall type, has a swing in it which is sure to make it popular. Mr. G. Power, as the proscribed gentleman Lorrimer, played and sang in a half-hearted, namby-pamby fashion, which might have been acceptable to people of the "too-too" school; and Miss Harriet Coveney was painstaking and successful in a small part. It should be added that the opera is splendidly mounted, and that the composer himself leads the orchestra.

Although theatrical enterprise in London is now almost at a standstill, active preparations are making for the coming season. The COURT Theatre will reopen on the 24th inst. under the management of a gentleman named Claremont, who has recruited a strong company for the performance of comedy-drama. A new play in four acts, written by Mr. Barrymore, an author and actor as yet unknown, is to be the first novelty.—The little ROYALTY Theatre in Soho has passed into the hands of Mr. Alexander Henderson, and is being redecorated and refurnished throughout with a view to reopening under the new management about the end of this month. Mr. Lionel Brough joins the company in the double capacity of actor and stage manager. Here the first novelty will be a version by Messrs. Reece and Farnie of *La Mascotte*, a comic opera, by M. Audran, composer of *Olivette*, which has been playing for some months past at the Bouffes Parisiens in Paris.—At the LYCEUM the extensive alterations and enlargements referred to in Mr. Irving's recent farewell address are already far advanced. Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, with the other members of the regular company, will not reappear there till Boxing Night; but meantime Mr. S. Hayes will take the direction of the theatre for a series of performances of Italian Opera.—Mr. Chatterton's management of SADLER'S WELLS commences on the 1st of October with an adaptation from the French by Mr. Leopold Lewis, entitled *The Foundlings, or the Ocean of Life*. This, if we may hazard a guess, is probably a new version of *Les Deux Orphelines*, by Messrs. Dennery and Cormon.—Mr. Wilson Barrett, as we have already announced, will produce at the PRINCESS'S Theatre this month a new romantic drama of domestic interest by Mr. G. R. Sims, entitled *The Lights of London*.—Besides these novelties, three new theatres will, it is expected, be added before the close of the year to the list of London places of entertainment. These are—the new house to be called the "COMEDY Theatre," now building in Panton Street, Haymarket; the "BEAUFORT," in Beaufort Buildings, Strand, which is now nearly complete; and the new house in Northumberland Avenue, which is to be known as the "AVENUE Theatre." There is, moreover, a theatre erecting in Great Queen Street, opposite the Freemasons' Tavern, which is expected to be opened in January next.



I.

**MR. FREDERIC HARRISON'S** powerful article on "The Dead-lock in the House of Commons" claims with good cause the foremost place in the new number of the *Nineteenth Century*. The evil, of which every one complains, he rightly holds to be neither temporary nor accidental. It is not due simply to the perversity of a few nor to the irritation of a passing crisis. The root is really in the utter change the House has undergone since its traditional forms sufficed for the despatch of business. Once an assembly "chosen from a single social class," and employed almost exclusively for "deliberation and appeal," it has become a crowd of some 650 representatives of the most various interests and classes, while at the same time it has "usurped step by step the whole machinery of Government." What can be expected when the slightest administrative change requires an Act of Parliament, when every trifle is matter for an "interpellation," and every line in every Act may suggest an amendment to any one of 650 members? No rule of "urgency," no absolute power delegated to the Speaker, will avail in a dead-lock like this. The remedies Mr. Harrison will discuss hereafter. Meanwhile some form of *clôture*, some approach to the Continental system of "Revising Committees" to settle the details of Bills before the general discussion, and the establishment of other Committees "practically permanent" for the work of departmental administration, are among the most obvious and most indispensable.—In the shape of a review of Mr. Scoones' "Four Centuries of English Letters," Sir Henry Taylor contributes a charming paper on literary correspondence, from



the time of the Pastons to the days of Lady Dufferin, from the home-letters of the Elizabethan sea-rover, Cavendish, to those incomparable despatches of the Duke of Wellington, which their own author wondered at in after years.—In "Scrutin de Liste and Scrutin d'Arondissement," M. Joseph Reinach, of the "Union Républicaine" party, predicts the speedy triumph of the former method of election, and maintains that under it universal suffrage would have proved absolutely fatal in August last alike to *Reactionnaires* and *Intransigents*.—A pessimist article on "The Future of Gold," by Emile de Laveleye, decides that there is not gold enough in all the world—so quickly do the new workings become exhausted—to supply "the monetary and industrial uses of Europe." "The dream of using gold alone as universal money" is therefore, he concludes, "a mere impossibility."

*Macmillan's* for September is full of interest. Mr. Augustus Hare's brief memoir of "Arthur Penrhyn Stanley" is not more welcome for its copious details of the late Dean's childhood at Seaford and at Rugby—the "little Arthur" of "Tom Brown's School Days"—than for the graceful touches which bring out so well the less public aspects of his later life at Canterbury and at Westminster.—"How I found the Dotterel's Nest"—and shot the bird on a wild mountain near Braemar—is an adventure which only ornithologists can appreciate as it deserves.—Dr. Freeman's "Curzola" is a good account of an old Venetian stronghold (when Venice held the Dalmatian coast-line and its islands); the "Black Corcyra," not to be confounded with that better known Corcyra which is now Corfu.—"Weeds," by the author of "Hogan, M.P.," is a tale of much dramatic power, though by this time some may think they have had enough of romantic sketches of a "bould peasantry" who shoot at "agents" behind a hedge, and then baffle justice by "overwhelming alibis."

In *Fraser* Mrs. Herbert Jones concludes her "Historic Memorials of the Norfolk Coast" with some graphic descriptions of Cromwellian Yarmouth, where Ireton's daughter was a local Queen through the first quarter of the eighteenth century, whence old Sir Cloudesley Shovel first went to sea, and where Nelson embarked for the descent on Copenhagen.—Mr. Lane Poole contributes an opportune paper upon "Swift and Ireland," with copious extracts from the famous pamphlets which, for all their anger and their scorn, "first created a public opinion in Ireland, and guided it;" and the Rev. M. G. Watkins cleverly describes the success which has attended modern efforts to reintroduce the "Capercaillie" in Central Scotland.

"A Recent History of the Second Empire"—a brief *resumé* of a work by M. Majon, which has made some little stir in France, is quite the most striking article in *Temple Bar*. On the main facts of that history M. Majon, of course, can tell us little that is new. Not so of the more obscure agencies by which Imperialism was upheld throughout, but more especially in its earlier years. The account alone of the Corsican bodyguard whose duty it was at every risk to save the Emperor from the dagger of the conspirator will repay the lover of *chroniques scandaleuses*.—The serials—need as much be said?—are good as ever; and "Arab Humour, Part III," decidedly amusing, while furnishing at the same time further proof that certain jokes, like the sun-myths, are common to all lands and peoples.

A *Cornhill* paper, "Brigandage in Macedonia," derives additional interest from the Government circular which lately warned the travelling Briton that his country would not undertake to pay his ransom to the man who thus falls into the power of "Captain" Niko and his *complices*. Yet that the Turks could put down the brigands if they chose seems clear from what befell a band of thirty against whom Sadyk Pasha sent a regular force with permission to "loot" every man they killed. Twenty-three heads and seven living prisoners were the prompt reward of energy so exceptional.—"Old English Clans" is an exhaustive account of the traces which once existing clan-relationships, long since reduced to the mere shadow of a name, have left behind them wherever the Saxon came, sometimes, like Goring, in the simple form of the patronymic which ends in "ing," sometimes, like Kensington or Billingham, with the addition of the "ham" or "ton" which mark the residence, or the "hurst" and "field" which denote the temporary encampment—traces so plain and yet so common that till our attention is called to them we scarcely realise that clan divisions in England were once as common as ever they were in Celtic highlands.—"Rambles among the Essayists" is a charming paper, none the less charming for a latent consciousness that there are points where criticism is very like confession.

In *Bellevue* a fresh instalment of Mr. Alfred Rimmer's "Rambles Round Harrow," including visits to Cashobury and Moor Park, and a rather clever aesthetic paper, "Mr. Cimabue Brown on the Defensive."—In the *Gentleman's*, "The Poetry of Parody," with its abundance of mirth-producing quotations; and Mr. Ranking's ingenious speculations, "Where was King Stephen Buried?" at Faversham, as most chroniclers assert, or in the church of St. Mary at Dover; are among the most noteworthy papers in two average numbers.

In the *St. James's*, Miss Schwartz's "Guilty or Not Guilty" increases in interest as the *dénouement* draws nigh.—The *Argosy* will charm the reader of a certain age with its "echoes of something read with a boy's delight;" the *Theatre* excites his curiosity with the story of an adventure, "The Rope Ladder," out of which it seems difficult to conceive how hero or heroine can escape with absolute impunity; *All the Year Round* delight him with two good serials and an account of a tour "In Sunny Rhineland," which marvellously contrives to be both fresh and diverting.—The *Month* divert him with a lively instalment of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "Chronicles of the Stage," oddly sandwiched between a controversial paper on "Ecclesiastical Infallibility" and a profound essay on "The Religion of the Aryans;" and the *Churchman* show him learnedly that the "Church of St. Patrick," like that of Celtic Britain, was in no wise servilely submissive to Rome, maintaining notably an independent line on three great points of tradition, Easter Observance, the Tonsure, and the Episcopacy.—*Le Jeune Age Illustré*, a new illustrated child's weekly paper, fairly deserves a welcome here, not only from the class for whom it is especially designed, the children of French residents in England, but from our own young people, too, who may be glad so pleasantly to improve their French. Short healthy tales, amusing puzzles, and illustrations sometimes more than fair, e.g., of the old chateaux on the Loire, make up a serial well adapted for the tastes of those not too far on in their teens.

THE NEW LAW OF LIBEL.—Newspaper proprietors and the public generally have reason to be grateful to Mr. Hutchinson, the Member for Halifax, for having more than once brought in, and at last successfully carried, so beneficial a measure as the Newspaper (Law of Libel) Act. Henceforth a newspaper report of the proceedings at any public meeting convened for a lawful purpose will be deemed privileged if it is fair, published without malice, and for the public benefit; provided always that no refusal to insert a reasonable explanation or contradiction has been made. No criminal action can be commenced without the fiat of the Public Prosecutor in England, or of the Attorney-General for Ireland in Ireland; and the magistrates in Courts of Summary Jurisdiction are not only empowered to receive evidence as to the alleged libel being true, as to the report being fair and published without malice and for the public benefit, and generally as to any evidence for the defence which might be laid before a jury, so that they may dismiss the case if they think it likely that a jury would acquit; but they are also empowered to deal summarily with trivial cases, if the

defendant does not object, in which event a fine not exceeding 50*l.* may be imposed. Finally the Act provides that the Board of Trade may allow the registration of one or more representative proprietors instead of all the proprietors of a newspaper. We have said that the public generally as well as the proprietors of newspapers ought to be thankful for this amendment of the law. It is clearly to the general advantage that the Press should be as unfettered as possible, for the welfare of society depends largely upon the widest dissemination of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth upon all subjects, together with outspoken and impartial comments thereupon. If all journals were purely and honestly conducted there would be no need of any libel law at all. There are, however, in existence certain recklessly sensational prints the editors of which care not whose reputation they impugn, or whose prospects they injure so long as they can fill their pages with smart telling paragraphs, and in order that the licentiousness of these may be checked, it is necessary that the liberty of the more sober and considerate should be circumscribed and limited. It is unfortunate that this should be the case, but as the millennium has not yet dawned upon the earth, we must make the best of things as they are, and rest content with the reflection that honest journalists are now not quite so much exposed to malicious or mercenary prosecutions as they were before the passing of the Newspaper (Law of Libel) Act.

PARIS ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION.—"The great topic," writes a correspondent, "is the Electrical Exhibition, and a magnificent exhibition it is. After simply walking through the building by day, and merely glancing at the enormous number of valuable applications to which electricity is now devoted, and then paying a second visit by night, and seeing the various modes of lighting every species of room, from the auditorium of a theatre to a bath-room, a kitchen to a spacious hall, one cannot help feeling that the 'gas age' will be regarded by future generations with as much wonder as we look back to the stage-coach-and-rushlight period of our forefathers. If the French know anything it is how to 'run' an exhibition successfully, and the difference between this well-organised show and the 'higgledy-piggledy' display of sanitary appliances at South Kensington only too clearly brings this characteristic out, to the disadvantage of the British. Of the various lights the 'Brush' seemed to me to bear off the palm for lighting on a big scale, although the 'Siemens' was very good. The picture gallery was lighted after the Italian method by the 'Lampe Soleil,' which, while in no way altering the colours of the pictures, sheds a warmer glow than those I have mentioned. The much-talked-of 'Edison' was very good, but not better than the 'Swan,' which certainly is admirably suited for domestic use. The lamps are small, and can be placed anywhere, on a table, in a gas bracket, or suspended from a chandelier. The light is less white and more like that of gas."

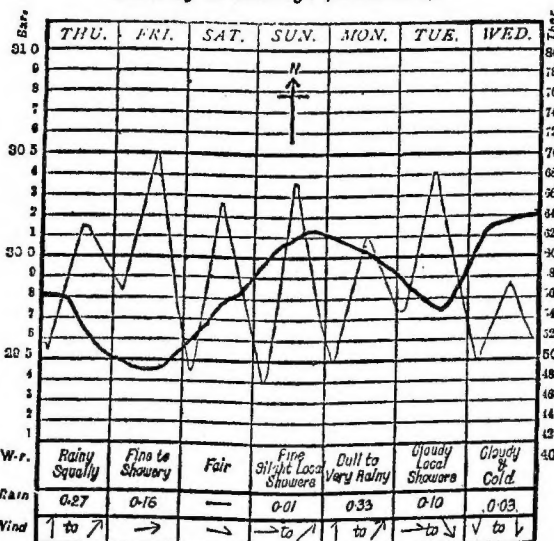
### IT RAINS

It rains in the morning: it rains at night;  
And all the day.  
It rains on the fields, where the crops now white  
With plenty sway.  
It rains while the farmers murmur and mutter;  
It rains through the prayers the churches utter.  
It rains away.  
It rains on the sad and increases their sorrow;  
And on the gay;  
On those who declare 'twill be better to-morrow;  
On those who such comfort don't readily borrow,  
But hope it may.  
It rains in the city, the crowded streets  
So dense and grey;  
It rains in the country, the still retreats  
Where tourists stray.  
It rains, whatsoever we wish to see;  
It rains through the land, wherever we be,  
Where'er we stray;  
And wearily, drearily on the sea  
It rains for aye.  
It rains, and what will become of the raining?  
And what of our hoping? of our complaining?  
Of all we say?  
It rains, and it must while there's any remaining:—  
So rain it may.

WILFRED B. WOOLAM

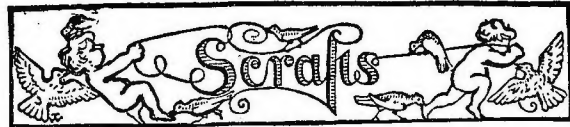
### WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

AUG. 25 TO AUG. 31 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week, although not so bad in London as over the midland and northern counties of England, has been exceedingly rainy and unsettled, and the month of August closes with temperature nearly ten degrees below the average, and dull, inclement conditions generally. At the commencement of the period a deep depression was seen to be advancing towards Ireland from the Atlantic, and in the course of Thursday (25th ult.) the disturbance travelled steadily across the country in an east-north-easterly direction, its progress being marked by heavy rains and gales. In London the force of the wind did not exceed a moderate gale, but on the coast it was much greater. On Friday (26th ult.), in the rear of the depression, the weather improved somewhat, and on Saturday and Sunday (27th and 28th ult.) it was quite fair, but on Monday (29th ult.) some shallow depressions passed eastward across the country, causing a good deal of rain and a considerable freshening of the south-westerly wind. During the after part of Tuesday (30th ult.) the wind veered to the northward, in the rear of these disturbances, and temperature fell several degrees, the maximum on Wednesday (31st ult.) being only 57°, as against 68° on Friday (26th ult.). The barometer was highest (30.20 inches) on Wednesday (31st ult.); lowest (29.45 inches) on Friday (26th ult.); range, 0.75 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (70°) on Friday (26th ult.); lowest (48°) on Sunday (28th ult.); range, 22°. Rain fell on six days. Total amount, 0.90 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.33 inches, on Monday (29th ult.).



PARTRIDGES are so plentiful this year in Austria that a brace of fine birds may be bought for 1*s.* in Vienna. Rather a contrast to the prices likely to be asked in London during this first week of partridge-shooting!

A NEW SWISS LAKE has been formed by a landslip in the Grisons. A huge mass of rock and earth falling from the mountain side near Sonnx has blocked up the stream of the Jodel—an affluent of the Rhine—and has converted the entire valley into a wide sheet of water.

A LONG SWIM ACROSS THE BOSPHORUS has been accomplished by Lord Clancuboye, eldest son of Lord Dufferin, who crossed from Therapia to Beicos in a little over an hour. The distance is considerably greater than the passage from Sestos to Abydos—swum by Leander and Lord Byron.

AN UNPLEASANT NIGHT ON BEN NEVIS was spent last week by three ladies. They injudiciously ascended the mountain without a guide, and, missing their road on the way back, were obliged to remain all night in a steep ravine, amidst a violent hailstorm. Here they were found next day in a very exhausted condition by a party sent specially in search.

LONDON MORTALITY still further decreased last week, and 1,342 deaths were registered against 1,474 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 132, and 190 below the average, while the death-rate was only 18.3 per 1,000—the lowest return since early in June. There were 36 deaths from small-pox (a fall of 2). The births numbered 2,393, being a decrease of 139, and 132 below the average. The mean temperature was 58 deg.—3 deg. below the average.

A CURIOUS RELIC OF THE CIVIL WARS has been found near the spot where the first Battle of Newbury was fought on Wash Common in September, 1643. It is a circular brass seal bearing the device of a skeleton holding a surgeon's knife in one hand and an hour glass in the other, while round the edge is inscribed "The Society. And. Loyalty. Of. Chyrurgeons. Hall. London." Apparently the seal belonged to one of the surgeons of the Chirurgeons' Company attached to the Royal army.

A SMALL "SEA MESSENGER," thrown overboard by the Duke of Edinburgh on July 26, during the late cruise of the Reserve Squadron, was picked up on the 18th ult. by some Danish fishermen not far from Hanstholmen, after being twenty-five days in the water, and sailing 420 miles. The messenger is a hermetically-closed iron vessel, intended to convey documents from ships in distress, or in immediate danger of sinking. In this case it was utilised as an experiment with a view to its wider adoption.

MR. HERBERT SCHMALZ, an engraving of whose picture, "Sir Galahad," recently appeared in these pages, has drawn two very admirable studies in black chalk of female heads, which have been reproduced with remarkable fidelity by the Autotype Company. The pictures illustrate, "The love that hopeth all things," and "The love that feareth all things," and are noticeable for their successful draughtsmanship, unaffected sentiment, and truth of expression. Such reproductions as these, published at comparatively low prices, are calculated to do much to exalt the artistic taste of the million.

THREE ENORMOUS EGYPTIAN CROCODILES are considerably perplexing the Paris authorities just now. The monsters were sent over to M. Bert, the naturalist, and in his absence were taken to the Jardin des Plantes, where they were refused admittance, as they had not been presented to the Gardens. Accordingly they have been temporarily lodged in the courtyard of the Sorbonne, and at present are in a perfectly dormant condition, having eaten nothing whatever since they left the Nile, but the keepers are puzzled what to do if their charges should suddenly wake up hungry. The reptiles are kept in huge cases lined with metal, so as to allow of a small amount of water being contained in each.

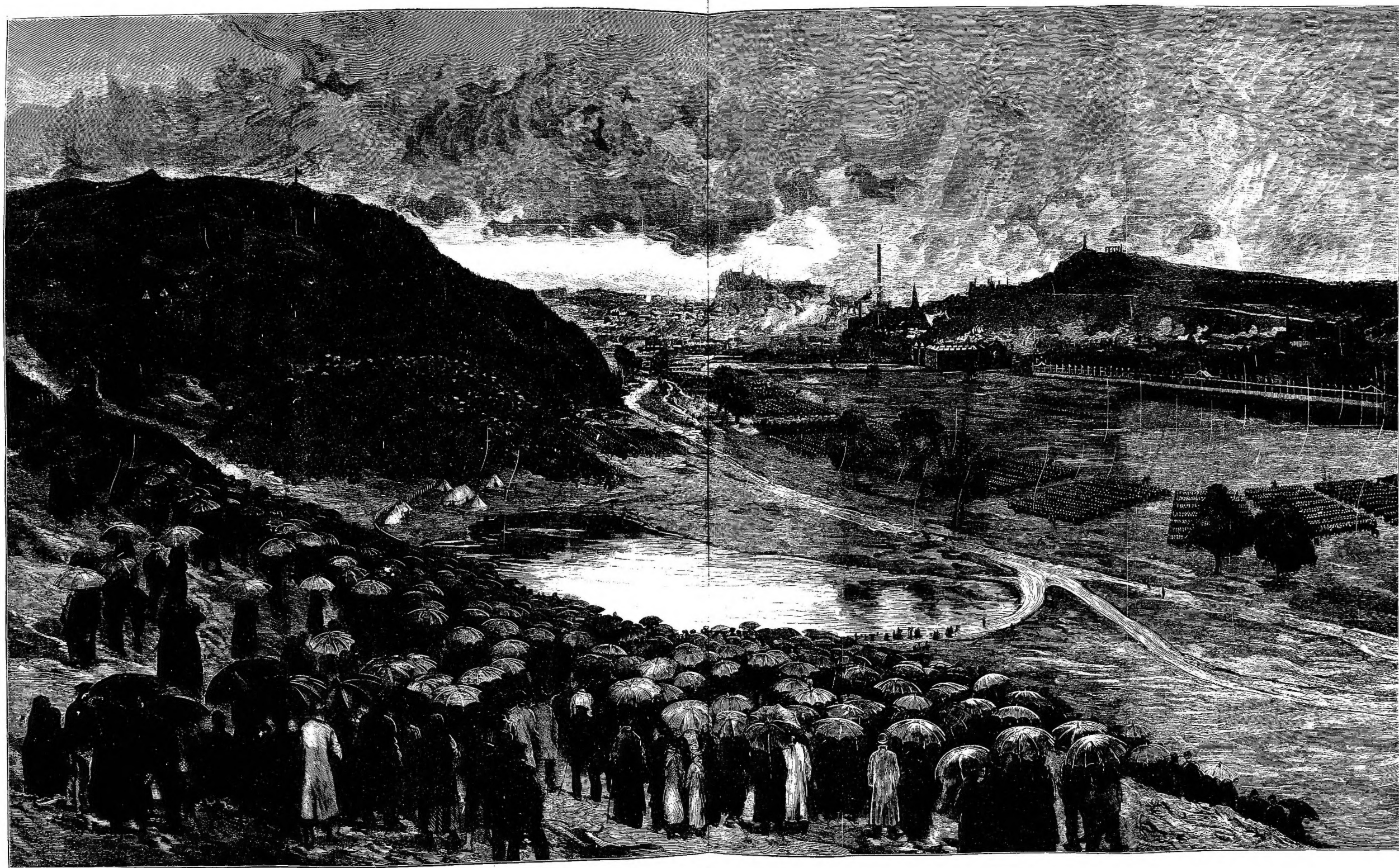
THE TINY "CITY OF BATH," which lately crossed the Atlantic with a crew of two men, has gone from Falmouth to Havre before starting on her return passage. She is only 14 feet long, with a beam of 5 feet,—being thus 1½ feet less in both length and breadth than the *Little Western*, which made a similar voyage early this year—and has reached America after a stormy homeward journey of seventy-five days, and is in a very shaky condition. Soon after leaving America the boat sprung a leak, and had to put into Newfoundland for repairs, while a few days later she capsized in a gale, her crew being thrown overboard. She was speedily righted, but the chart and sextant were lost, and all the provisions spoiled.

NIAGARA SEEN BY ELECTRIC LIGHT must certainly be a splendid but curious spectacle, to judge by the description in the *New York Herald*. A new system of illumination has been lately adopted, and the sixteen electric lights, each of 2,000 candle-power, are stated to produce a fine effect, combined with the lamps already in place at Prospect Park, and assisted by a full moon and clear atmosphere. The lights reach with striking brilliancy to Table Rock Point, and three-fourths of the way across the Horse-Shoe Falls. "The deep green water, tinged with the white foam as it comes tumbling over the Horse-Shoe, shooting up great volumes of struggling spray, with ten thousand candle-power lights reflecting upon it, is a scene far too grand to be described."

PRINCE BISMARCK is very anxious to grow thinner. Every year when taking the waters at Kissingen he is carefully weighed, and the record of his condition for the past seven summers, as shown by the "Bismarck scale," may be seen in a small kiosk on the Upper Salinen promenade. On the walls hang two portraits of the Chancellor—one depicting him in early youth, with a remarkably small waist, the other representing him in the robustness of later years. The Prince was heaviest in 1879, and last year had lost 10*lbs.*, but the latest report is not yet visible, the result of the season's "Kur" being invariably kept secret until some time after his departure. When the Prince lately left Kissingen a mass of admirers assembled at the railway to bid him goodbye. His luggage duly arrived, but after long waiting the disgusted crowd found that he himself had quietly gone on to the next station to avoid their greetings.

AN EXHIBITION OF INSTRUMENTS, Maps, Models, &c., in connection with the Geographical Congress, about to be held at Venice, opened there on the 1st inst. for a month. The Congress meets from the 15th to 22nd of September, and with the various events which are to take place in conjunction with it is creating some sensation throughout Italy. It was undecided whether the King should open the Exhibition, or Prince Tiani, President of the Geographical Society of Italy. Russia, Sweden, France and Italy are very largely represented in the Exhibition. England sends only a few maps, charts, and publications, but the Survey of India has sent a very large contribution, including the Great Theodolite. There are about a dozen more surveying instruments of large size, and from 50 to 100 various instruments used in the Survey Department. A very large tide-gauge has been erected, and can be seen at work, driven by its own clock. The English Commissioners are: Lord Aberdare, President of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir H. Layard, and the Right Honourable W. Ball. The Commissioners for the Government of India are General Sir H. L. Thwaites, C.S.I., F.R.S. (late Surveyor General of India); Colonel C. T. Haig, Royal Engineers, Survey of India; and Captain A. W. Baird, Royal Engineers, Survey of India.





THE ROYAL REVIEW OF SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS AT EDINBURGH—THE MUSTER ON THE PARADE GROUND







sides justify us in saying that the clock is striking the eleventh hour of the world's misery and bondage. We live in the Saturday evening of the world, and the peerless Sabbath of its redemption is drawing nigh. Prophetic arithmetic is with God, not with man. But we know enough to tell us that we are on the dawn of that day of which enraptured prophets sung, for which martyrs prayed, and for which myriads of eager eyes watch. The Bible and Nature explaining each other proclaim the same Divine Author. Science and Revelation are mutually clearing up long-vexed questions, and evincing the truth of each other."

**THE TRAFFIC IN CHURCH LIVINGS.**—The *East Anglian Times* reports at length the proceedings at a recent public auction of the advowson and perpetual right of presentation to the Rectory of Gedding, the annual income of which is estimated at 200*l.*, whilst the duty is almost a sinecure. The auctioneer, after describing the "property" and stating the age of the reverend incumbent, went on to tell the mixed company of cleric and lay listeners that "Here is a capital chance of presenting a good living to some of your friends, or if you are a clergyman you can present yourself. It is almost certain to become vacant shortly. The present incumbent will be leaving, and then the purchaser will have the right of presentation. Will no gentleman make me an offer for Gedding Rectory? '100*l.*,' feebly ventured some gentleman, probably an agent of the Church Defence Association. '120*l.*, 160*l.*, and 170*l.* were offered in quick succession, and then there was a lull. 'Going at 170*l.*!' exclaimed the auctioneer. 'Why, gentlemen, people talk about Disestablishment, and they say that the Church will be done away with very soon. If I bought this property I should be glad if the Church were disestablished, because I know they would give me more than any gentleman is likely to bid to-day.' This idea seemed to give an impetus to the bidding, and ultimately the lot was knocked down for 250*l.* to the Rev. R. Townson, Vicar of Allithwaite, Grange-over-Sands, Lancashire.

**A MUNIFICENT CLERGYMAN.**—The late Chancellor Harington of Exeter Cathedral has bequeathed 2,000*l.* to the Exeter Training College for the Clergy, 100*l.* to the Devon and Exeter Schools, 100*l.* to the Episcopal Schools, and 500*l.* to the incumbent and churchwardens of St. David's, Exeter, partly for the poor; 300*l.* to the incumbent and churchwardens of Kelston, in Somerset, partly for the poor; 1,000*l.* for the benefit of the choristers of Exeter Cathedral; 500*l.* to the Curates' Augmentation Fund; 500*l.* to Bishop Philpott's Church Endowment Fund; and his library of 4,000 volumes to the Dean and Chapter of Exeter.

**THE LANTHONY VISIONS.**—On Tuesday the first anniversary of the alleged apparitions of the Virgin and the Host at the new Abbey of Llanthony was celebrated by a great pilgrimage, to which Catholics as well as Protestants were invited. A "solemn High mass according to the old Church of England rite" was celebrated by Father Ignatius, who also preached on the Lessons and Consolations of the Holy Visions. Later in the day there were other services at the new "Shrine of the Apparition," a life-sized, jewelled statue of the Virgin; and at night the pilgrims went in procession with incense and lighted tapers to the Holy Bush, in the Abbot's Meadow, where the Virgin is said to have appeared. Mr. Lyne's community of nuns from Slapton, which has recently been joined by several wealthy ladies, is about to take up permanent residence at Llanthony.

**THE PUNSHON MEMORIAL MISSION.**—Mr. James Arthington, of Leeds, has offered to give 2,000*l.* as the nucleus of a fund for establishing Wesleyan Missions in Central Africa as a memorial of the late Rev. Dr. W. Morley Punshon. The Directors of the Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Society contemplate making an appeal to Methodist young men to offer themselves as missionary ministers for the proposed work.

### A WET DAY IN LONDON

A WET day in London is doubtless a dreary experience; but it is not without its compensating advantages for those who can enjoy them. Though in itself possessing no single admirable attribute, it produces a great many human phenomena that are both amusing and instructive. For purposes of observation, the best sort of wet day is one in which the morning has been delusively fine. This will have tempted the careless or improvident to leave home without umbrellas; and though the umbrellaless is not the most interesting of classes on a rainy day, its behaviour affords some food for reflection. To properly appreciate the humours of a wet afternoon in London, you must sally forth and tramp the streets; the stay-at-home sees only a narrow section of what is to be seen.

The general aspect of London during a steady downpour is no doubt exceedingly dreary. Under no aspect does the universal drip appear beautiful. The houses shed grimy tears on the passers-by, as though conscious that no amount of washing would ever make them clean. The statues exhibit on their prominent features dismal bits of reflected light that is the "offspring of heaven's first-born" many times removed. Windows from which cheery blinds once gleamed have become blurred and dingy. One can count far more puddles than Coleridge counted stench in Cologne, and all lie in wait for the ill-guided or too-hasty foot. Here and there the repletion of drains creates a miniature lake stretching half across the road, and flinging back to the sky a dull image of its all-pervading leaden dulness. It is, in truth, water, water everywhere, and all dirty water.

But though the general aspect of a rainy day in town is depressing, some of its particular features are sufficiently diverting. Oddly enough, it is the people with umbrellas who appear the most discontented with the weather. This probably arises from the fact that no umbrella has yet been devised that will do more than very incompletely shield the person. The head and shoulders are only kept partially dry, and the nether regions not dry at all. To the annoyance of damp legs is, therefore, added a just irritability of temper at the lack of inventiveness displayed by umbrella-makers. In having an umbrella, and yet getting wet, there is an exasperating sense of failure, which the person without an umbrella is free from. The latter will at once either jump into a cab, seek shelter, or make up his mind to get wet through. Moreover a majority of the umbrellaless will have guarded against the weather in some other way. They will be wearing old clothes and unspoilable hats, and will take their wetting with a certain grim relish in view of the less fortunate circumstances of others. The demeanour of people, however, depends largely upon the length of time they have endured the aqueous infliction. A downright wet afternoon generally begins in a mild and misty manner, so that sanguine people confidently declare that it won't last. It is curious to observe how even the possessors of umbrellas will on these occasions for a while back this opinion by keeping their paragon unclosed. In the same way the umbrellaless, but equally hopeful ones, do not quicken their pace much as the gentle dew from Heaven descends, happy in the belief that it will hold up directly. By the time the darkening sky and the increasing downfall have falsified their predictions they have become uncomfortably damp. Then they condescend to hurry, or perchance to take a cab. Omnibuses are at a premium, and a great rush is made for their points of stoppage and departure. The observer of human nature will find much to interest him at one of these points. The crowd that gathers there on a wet day is mostly made up of persons in a disagreeable frame of mind. They fear and dislike the rain, or they would not be waiting for an omnibus; consequently the partial wetting they have endured has soured their temper. The weather, as a topic of conversation, entirely fails under these circumstances. It is superfluous to remark upon its badness; and if one of the

cheery class should join the party, and pleasantly prognosticate a speedy dispersion of the clouds, he excites no corresponding gleam of hopefulness in the rest; rather do they regard him as a mere prophet of smooth things. As the 'bus approaches, obviously nearly full, the damp waiters get themselves into the best position for plunging at the door. Under these circumstances does the boasted chivalry of the British man towards womankind show itself? Never, so far as the present writer's experience goes. If a woman gets the coveted seat, leaving a male aspirant for the prize in the gutter, it is invariably because she displays in the struggle the greater determination or agility. If she reaches the doorway only to discover that there is not a seat vacant, was one of the male sex ever known to "get outside to oblige a lady?" It may well be doubted. Nor are the masculine delinquents so very blameworthy after all. Why should I be the victim (each may reflect), instead of that other man? His form is sturdier, his clothes older than mine. Let him brave the inclemency of the weather on the roof, and let to me fall the task of welcoming the distressed female to his vacant seat.

As the rain comes down harder, harder, and harder the streets gradually become more and more deserted by foot-passengers. The great drops tear through the air in so dense a mass that one sees the other side of the way dimly, as through a mist; they strike the ground with a hissing sound that is not without its music, and a thousand responsive jets of water leap up to meet them. Extemporaneous rivulets hurry along the gutter with much muddy rejoicing. House-pipes that sufficed for ordinary occasions are unequal to the exigencies of the moment; choked by a bird's nest or an accumulation of rubbish they precipitate small streams on to the pavement, startling the occasional passer-by with a brief roar on his umbrella. The crossing-sweeper forsakes his ground, not because he fears the rain—he is wet through already—but because for the moment there is no business to be done. The itinerant vendors of flowers or cigar-lights seek the shelter of a neighbouring archway, where also gather several tramps, a respectable wayfarer or two, painfully conscious of the impotence of umbrellas under existing circumstances, and a policeman. If you listen to the conversation of the flower-girls you will learn that romance sometimes illumines even the squalid misery of their lives; it is always, "An' he says to me, 'Marier,' he says," &c. A tramp and a fusee-seller seize the opportunity to effect an odd exchange; the former, beggar as he is, can afford a pipe, and he barter a brief pull at it for a couple of lights. The respectable wayfarers look disconsolately at the sky, and more disconsolately still at their soaking trousers and boots. The policeman's nether extremities are equally wet; and perchance he wonders in his stolid way whether the oilskin cape that almost reaches to his elbows was designed by Stupidity or Economy, or both. Leaving him to his reflections, and the rest to their varied occupations, the observer, securely encased in waterproof, serenely pursues his way homeward.

EDWARD MARKWICK



**WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.**—The Festival of the Choirs, held this year in Worcester, promises to become one of more than average claims, one altogether on the model which has time out of mind solicited and obtained approval. Nor in the circumstances that exist would it be reasonable or advisable to desire any radical change. The innovation of 1875, which gave everything into the hands of the clericals, and their obedient servants, putting the big majority of the laity out in the cold, was, as we all recollect, a gloomy failure. Thus the return to the long-established routine afforded unmitigated satisfaction to thinking people who, taking into consideration, respectively, the interests of the widows and orphans, in whose behoof, more than a century and a half ago, the meetings of the Three Cathedral Choirs were instituted, and the benefit accruing to Art from their influence, regarded the matter from a legitimate stand-point. To assert that these provincial gatherings have not, in both ways, been largely the instruments of good, would be to fly in the face of truth; and now that the question about the propriety of giving the performances of oratorios and other forms of sacred music in the church has been decided by a very large majority of those whose opinions must of necessity carry weight, the matter may be considered as virtually set at rest. Thanks are therefore due to Hereford, for its unbending opposition to the proposed new order of things, to Gloucestershire for following—however timidly at first, owing to the regretted death of Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley—Hereford's example, and last, not least, to Worcester itself for its consistent and uncompromising behaviour throughout the entire controversy, which averted the ill that might have ensued from a successful assertion of clerical despotism. The arrangements for the present meeting of the Choirs are of much the same character as usual. The conductor, in accordance with traditional and wisely-directed custom, is the organist of the local cathedral, Mr. Done, an old experienced hand, a musician too, of the genuine type, as able to suggest and put into shape a varied and attractive programme as any member of his calling, with him being associated Mr. C. H. Lloyd from Gloucester (Dr. Wesley's successor) as organist at the oratorio performances, and Mr. Colborne from Hereford (Mr. Townshend Smith's successor) as organist at the early services which are held day after day so as not to interfere with ordinary Cathedral use. Mr. Done has engaged an efficient orchestra upwards of seventy in number, with M. Sainton as leading violin, and first-class professors from London at the head of each separate department. He has also a chorus of the customary Festival calibre, consisting of the members of the Three Choirs, delegates from the Leeds Festival body of singers so justly renowned, &c. From amongst the solo vocalists, who form a goodly company, may be singled out the everywhere welcome Madame Albani, with Misses Annie Marriott and Anna Williams (sopranos), the rich-voiced contralto, Madame Patey, Messrs. Lloyd and Maas (tenors), Messrs. F. King and Henschel (basses). The programme for the week is effectively made out, and, if offering no startling novelties, contains two original works of pretension. To talk of excluding from such a programme the great works of elder masters, as certain of the "advanced" persuasion are apt to do, is to talk sheer nonsense, the more so inasmuch as they are not only superior to anything to be reasonably expected in the present day, but that they are invariably attractive and help to ensure that substantial pecuniary support in the lack of which such periodical Art-meetings would be impossible. We may state then without further preamble that the works coming under this head include Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, a selection from Handel's *Jephtha* (with Dr. Arthur Sullivan's added accompaniments), Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* (under the thin and superfluous mask of *Engedi*, which it was hoped had been for ever cast aside), the same composer's C minor Symphony, the first two parts of Haydn's *Creation*, Cherubini's *Grand Mass* in D minor, Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, and Handel's *Messiah*, at the Cathedral performances, to say nothing about things from like sources at the miscellaneous concerts in the evening. The absolute novelty in the department of sacred music is a short oratorio (or cantata) entitled *The Widow of Nain*, composed by Mr. Alfred Caldicott, a musician of acknowledged ability, for some years resident in Worcester. The theme has been treated before by Lindpaintner and others, but the new version proceeding from a native-born

musician, one who our contemporary, the *Musical World* affirms, is regarded as a prophet in his own city, will invite curiosity on its own account, and, from what we know of it, will by no means disappoint expectation. Wagner-wise Mr. Caldicott is answerable for his own book. The leading novelty at the evening concerts (to be held in accordance with time-honoured custom at the College Hall) is *The Bride*, a secular cantata, founded upon a German poem, on a Rhenish fairy story, bearing close resemblance to the legend of "The Beautiful Melusine," out of which Conradin Kreutzer made an opera, and Mendelssohn an overture. The composer of this piece is Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, some of whose works, when played in Germany, were praised by Canon Liszt, while some have been heard with satisfaction at the Crystal Palace. The foregoing constitute the features of the week's programme, to which it was advisable to call attention; detailed reference to the selections on Tuesday and Thursday evenings would be superfluous. There are to be two special services, both in the nave of the Cathedral—an opening service on Sunday (to-morrow) afternoon, and a closing service on the evening of Friday, during each of which an offertory will be made in aid of the charity. At the first of these the special sermon will be delivered from the pulpit by the Rev. W. J. Butler, Canon of Worcester.

**BRIGHTON MUSICAL COMPETITION.**—The visit of the French Orpheonists, bands, "fanfares," &c., which will keep the "Queen of Watling Places" in a bustle for some days next week, is a compliment paid to us more easy to welcome than to understand the exact meaning of. One thing is certain, that our musical neighbours will receive a hearty welcome, and that their performance will be just as thoroughly appreciated and just as heartily applauded as were those of the Orpheonists at the Crystal Palace ever so many years ago. That the weather may be propitious to their enterprise is the earnest wish of every English amateur.

**COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.**—These entertainments are to all appearances going on prosperously under the judicious direction of Mr. Gwyllym Crowe. At the special night, on Wednesday, Beethoven's Eighth Symphony (in F) was played with spirit by the fine orchestra under his direction, as were the overtures to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and the *Siege of Corinth* (Rossini). The pianist was Miss Florence Waud, who gave the *andante* and *finale* from Weber's First, and rarely-heard, Concerto (in C major) with considerable ease. The singers were Madame Sterling, Mr. F. King, and a new bass, Mr. Sydney Gladwynne. The second part of the concert was "miscellaneous."

**WAIFS.**—Tschakowsky, the Russian pianist and composer, is writing an opera, to be entitled *Mazeppa*. How about the horse?—Niemann, the famous Wagnerian tenor, the original of Tristan and Siegmund (*Die Walkure*), has parted with his villa at Biberich on the Rhine for a consideration of 60,000 marks.—Mr. Theodore Thomas is appointed conductor of the New York Philharmonic Concerts for the coming winter.—Anton Rubinstein is composing yet another movement for his "Ocean Symphony," which, if he continues elaborating thus, he will run the risk of turning into a *pasticcio*. It already occupies something like an hour in performance, which, for a work built upon such comparatively slender materials, is a good deal over the mark.—A monument to Piccini, Glück's memorable Italian rival in Paris, is about to be erected at Bari, the town where, in 1728, the most famous of Neapolitan musicians was born.—The Municipality of Trieste have resolved upon levying 10 per cent. upon the gross receipts of all the theatres, a more generally unpopular step than which, with the inhabitants of that theatre-going town, could scarcely be imagined.—Mrs. Osgood, the highly esteemed American vocalist, returns to the United States in November next.—Signor Pedrotti, the composer, will most probably conduct the orchestra of the Scala, at Milan, during Signor Faccio's absence in Spain; so that the obstacles to the re-opening of the theatre must have been surmounted.—The inauguration of the new Teatro at Bergamo was celebrated by a performance of Verdi's *Aida*, confided to marionettes.—The stage has been enlarged, and other important alterations made in the Teatro Apollo, at Rome.—Boito's much-discussed *Mefistofele* has been produced with success at Buenos Ayres. Some capitalists, it is said, are about to purchase the Teatro Colon, in order to erect an "Exchange" on its site. But as Buenos Ayres cannot do without its opera, they intend building a theatre on the ground now occupied by an established hospital, and a new hospital outside the city—an improvement hardly to be questioned.—The death of Joseph Labitzky, who with Lanner and Strauss constituted for so many years the bright triad of Teutonic waltz-composers, occurred on the early morning of the 19th ult. at Carlsbad. Labitzky was born at Schönfeld, Bohemia.—The season at the Imperial Opera in Vienna opened with the hundredth performance of Wagner's *Parsifal* are fixed for Sundays, July 30th, August 6th, 13th, 20th, and 27th; Tuesdays, August 1st, 8th, 22nd, and 29th; Fridays, August 4th, 11th, 18th, and 25th. The grand full rehearsal is to be held on Monday, July 24th. Wednesday, July 26th, and Friday, the 28th, are "Patrons' Days."

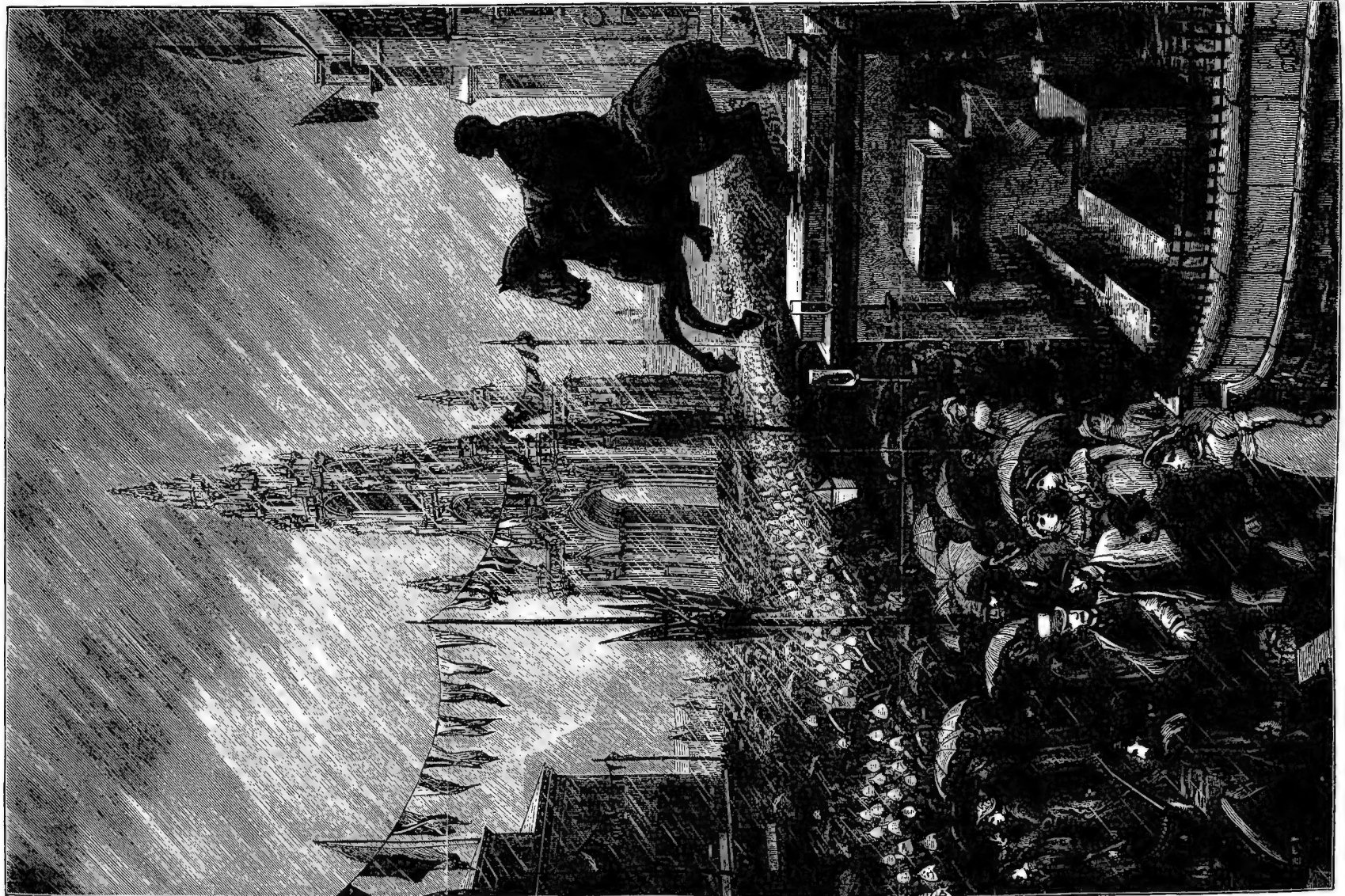


**A CURIOUS EXPLANATION** has been given respecting the mysterious package of percussion-caps and cartridges which was last week left at the Midland Railway Station, Birmingham, and which was at first thought to be intended to effect some malicious damage. It appears that they belonged to a person who visits fairs and race-courses, and makes a living by inviting people to shoot at glass balls suspended by a string, charging a small fee for each shot, a profitable, though scarcely honest occupation, seeing that the cartridges were all blank, and that therefore no marksman, however skillful, stood any chance of hitting a single ball.

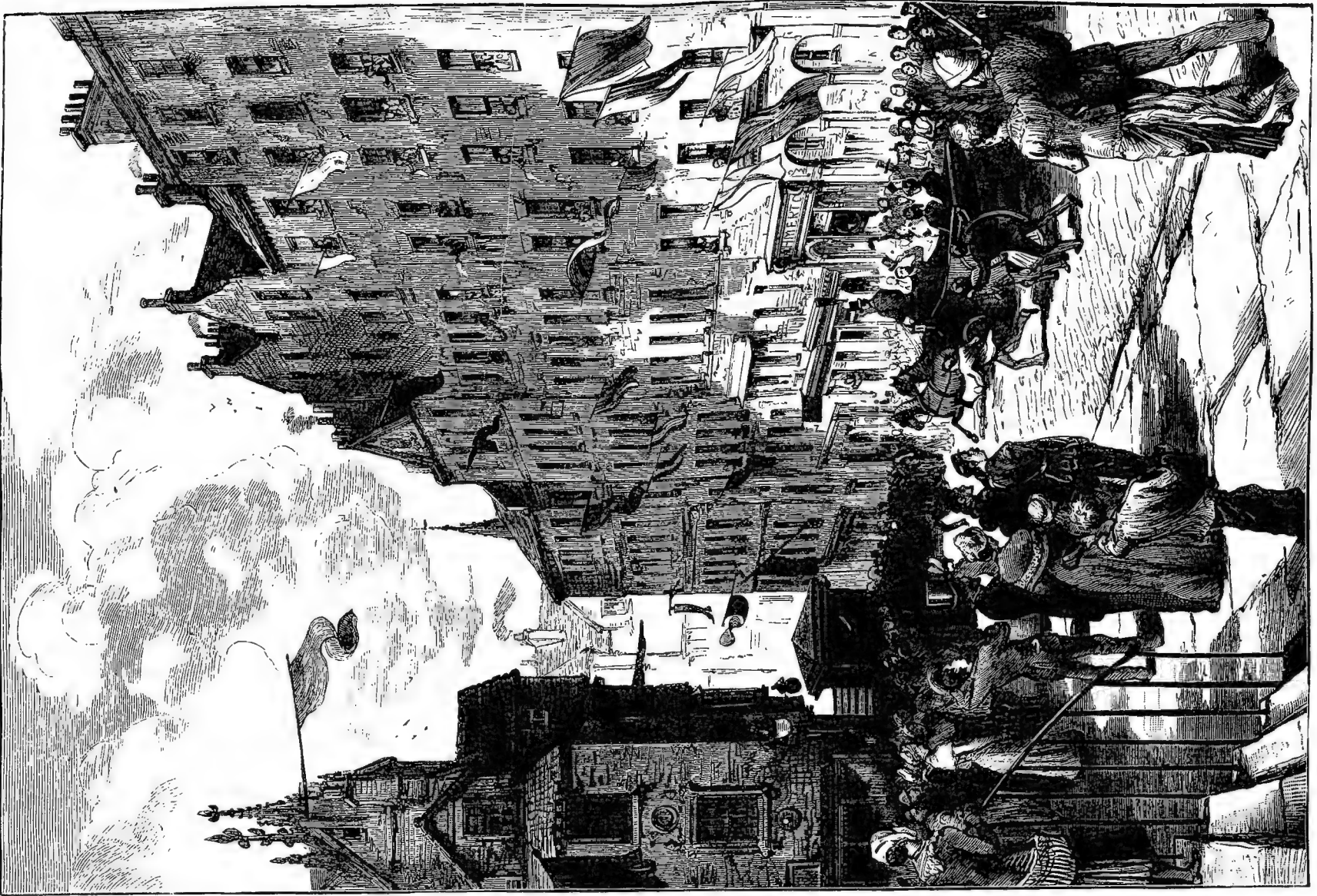
**CANON BASIL WILBERFORCE** appeared the other day as defendant at Southampton in a County Court action, in which the plaintiff, a postman, sought to recover 50*l.* as compensation for a bite from a dog. After the occurrence the man went home and was laid up for a month, during which time he often barked like a dog, and snapped at people about him; but he evinced no aversion to liquids (a usual characteristic of persons suffering from hydrophobia), and got well so rapidly that it was suspected that he had been shamming. The dog was produced in Court in a perfectly healthy condition, and the Judge held that there was no case for the jury, as there was no proof that the owner knew that he was of ferocious habits. A nonsuit was thereupon ordered, and the Canon, declining to take costs, said that he was willing to compensate the plaintiff personally, though he had been determined not to pay black-mail.

**DRUNKARDS AND THE LAW.**—The order recently issued to the police, instructing them to admit to bail persons whom they might arrest for being drunk and disorderly, is not regarded with favour by the stipendiary magistrates of the metropolis. The other day two persons who had been so treated appeared at Southwark Police Court before Mr. Bridge, who ordered their immediate discharge, declaring that they had been illegally brought before him, as their recognisances were not binding. He suggested that the police should take a case to the Supreme Court in order to obtain a judicial decision on the subject—a course which it is to be hoped they will adopt. At another Court the police seem to have evaded the difficulty in an ingenious manner, the inebriates arrested having been charged with drunkenness only, and retained in custody,





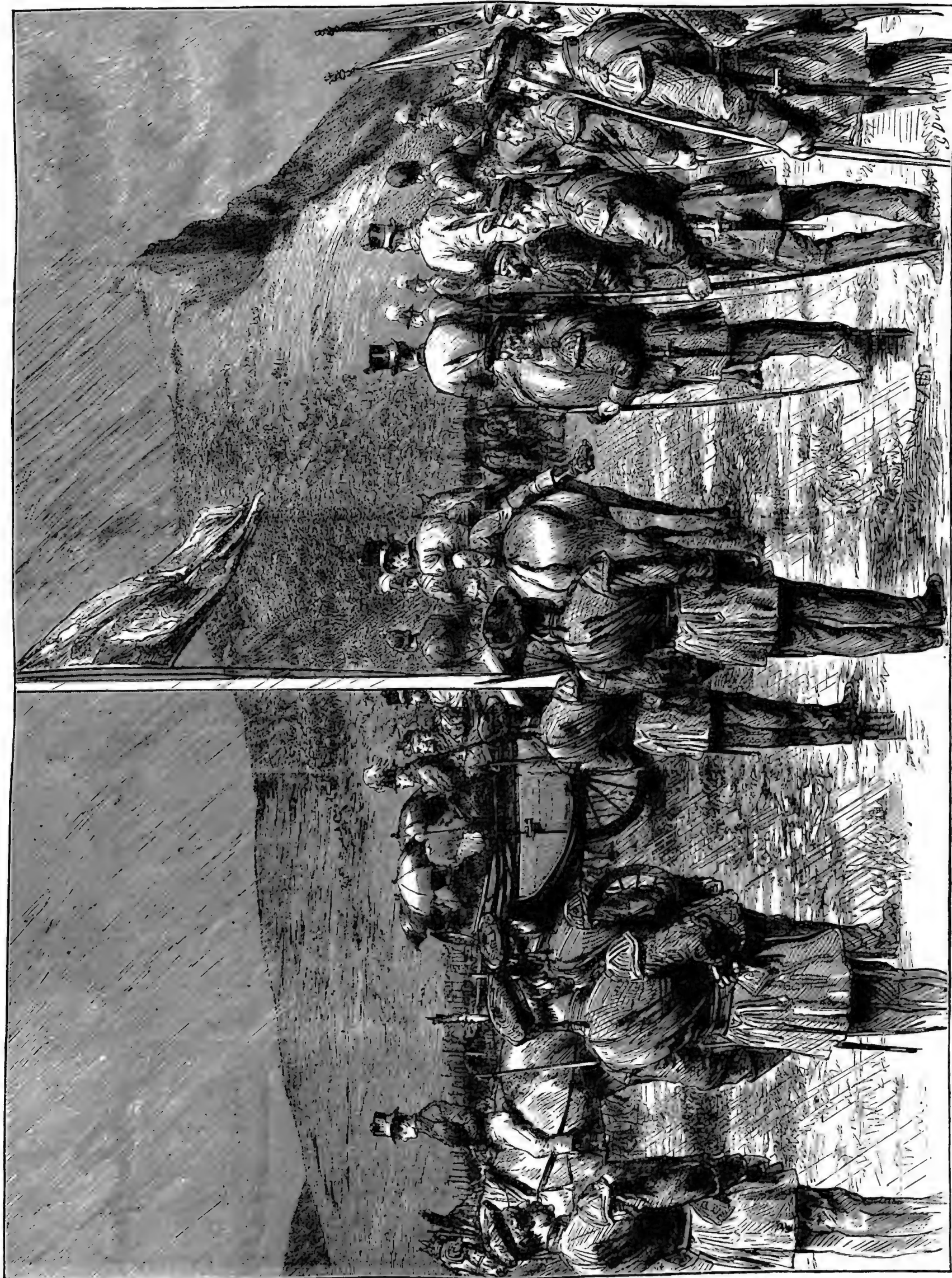
THE OLD DUKE AND THE NEW ARMY—VOLUNTEERS PASSING THE STATUE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON  
AT THE REGISTER HOUSE



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH PASSING THROUGH THE HIGH STREET ON THEIR WAY TO  
HOLYROOD PALACE

THE ROYAL REVIEW OF SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS AT EDINBURGH





THE ROYAL REVIEW OF SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS AT EDINBURGH—AT THE SALUTING POINT



whereas had the charge been entered as "drunk and incapable" they must have been released on becoming sober, and subsequently summoned. The result was that one morning there were no fewer than 48 charges of "drunkenness," but not one of "drunk and incapable."

**TEMPLE BAR MEMORIAL**, although still specially guarded by the police, continues to suffer from the attacks of inebriated iconoclasts. On Saturday one of these when caught in the act, said that he did it "for fun," and that he did not see why he should not have a "go" at it as well as other people. He has been sent to prison for a week, but Alderman Sir A. Lusk remarked that it was very awkward for him to have to sentence people for knocking off dolls' heads when they were placed so low as to be within easy reach. The destructive tendencies of some people were well known, and such temptations ought not to be placed in their way. The authorities should either make the tablets a plain surface or place them more than three feet from the ground.

**HOTEL ROBBERIES.**—A case of jewellery belonging to the representative of a London firm was last week stolen from the luggage-room of the Imperial Hotel, Belfast.—A County Court action against a hotel keeper at Brighton for the value of some jewellery stolen from a bedroom whilst the inmates were asleep, has failed because the plaintiff was held to be guilty of "contributory negligence" in leaving the door of the apartment unfastened.

**"MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES,"** like "gigantic gooseberries," are common enough in the dead season. Of two reported this week, one, that of a police inspector at Woolwich, who has since been found at Norwich, is attributed to "aberration of intellect." From Chester two respectable young girls, aged respectively nineteen and fifteen, last week went out in the *Liverpool*, and Manchester, with "a strange gentleman;" but have since been found by the police and restored to their parents, one of whom has written to the papers, saying that "no doubt remains but that they would have been exported to those Continental miseries to which we have heard so much of late. They were allured by the promise of an engagement for the stage, and being simple and unsuspecting, were easily laid hold of; but, as we have become convinced by their ten days' experience, they were being led, not to the stage of the drama, but to the horrible stage of real Continental tragedy."

**AN EXTRAORDINARY FRAUD** is alleged to have been perpetrated by one Ledru Rollin Reynolds, who is now in custody under remand on a charge of forging and uttering an agreement for the purchase of "The Silver Valley Mine," in Cornwall. It is averred that under various aliases he was vendor, purchaser, secretary, manager, and share-broker, and that, though the mine is utterly worthless, he had succeeded in disposing of 25,000 shares, representing 7,000l., 3,000l. of which found its way into his pocket. The fraud is said to have been discovered by a number of gentlemen, who, on their suspicions being aroused, had formed themselves into a committee to investigate the case. The accused when arrested had in his possession a passport in the name of George Newton, with which it is conjectured he intended to go to Spain.

**A WESTMINSTER BRIDGE TRAGEDY.**—About three weeks ago a woman fell into the river from Westminster Bridge, and a few days afterwards her dead body was picked up lower down the river. She and a soldier had been seen together on the bridge by a number of persons, none of whom were, however, able to state positively whether she jumped from the parapet herself or was pushed off by her companion. The coroner's inquest, after several adjournments, came to an end on Tuesday last, the jury returning an open verdict.

### THE BRICK-AND-MORTAR FIEND

THAT wonderful old lady, Mother Shipton, whose prophetic utterances have of late been so much talked about, is said to have prophesied that Highgate would one day be the centre of London. Now this was a very tremendous vaticination—if she ever uttered it, or any other imputed to her—considering the extent of London in the days in which she lived, and unless there should be a cessation of building south of the Thames for many years—a consummation devoutly to be wished, but not likely to be realised—this very undesirable prospect seems to be as remote and improbable now as it was then. Heaven forefend that the day may ever come when the northern heights shall be swallowed up by that voracious devourer of rurality, the speculative builder.

My intimate knowledge of London does not go back much beyond fifteen years, but during that brief period how many pleasant bits of solitude and greenery have come under the dominion of the Brick Fiend!

Eastward, Bow long since linked arms with Stratford. There for a time the demon paused, luxuriating in the smoke of tall chimneys, and looking over the hedge-lined roads, with pleasant cottages dotted here and there, the bramble-bounded lanes, the sedgy streams, the green marshland, the brown flats stretching away like a close-shaven prairie until they were lost beneath the shadows of the forest trees, with sleepy indifference; but his land hunger has long since revived, and changed Stratford from an outskirts to a centre, and covered once rural Forest Gate and Leytonstone with labyrinths of streets.

A few years ago, after you had passed the Dock gates at Poplar, or crossed the bridge on the Barking Road, you had left the town behind and were among the green fields, but now Poplar is rushing to meet the Hams, the Hams are eager to embrace Poplar, and Stratford is emulous of making it a quartette.

Westward the craving fiend has advanced from Bayswater and Notting Hill, ravaged the stately solitudes of Holland Park, hallowed by so many memories, swallowed up Shepherd's Bush, and is playing sad havoc with pretty rural Acton. Chelsea, that once charming remnant of old-world London, in whose quaint, solemn-looking, red-brick houses you might have imagined old ladies and gentlemen of the Georgian era in hoops and red heels, in powdered wigs and silk stockings still lingering ghost-like, is now approximating fast to the flaunting modern hideousness of Hammer-smith; Chiswick still preserves something of old-fashioned repose, but the clink of the trowel is fast rousing it to a rude awakening.—Paddington, not long since rural Paddington surrounded by fields, is now clamouring for a park, for St. John's Wood, Brondesbury, and the district known as the Harrow Road, are stifling it on every side, and rendering such artificial lungs a necessity.

Southward the fiend has stolen, and donned the seven-leagued boots. Greenwich was recently separated from London by miles of fields and market gardens, and was itself a country town to make rural holiday in, now it is about as rural as Whitechapel. Blackheath was a veritable breezy down, Lewisham was all orchards and gardens, a very model of the Kentish country, and now so sadly has the demon vulgarised it that it is making a forward advance to sooty, evil-smelling Woolwich. The Crystal Palace, which drew the bricks and mortar after it as the magnet does the needle, will soon be as town girdled as a London park. Wandsworth, Putney, Barnes, Mortlake, Richmond—"Will the line stretch on to the track of doom?"

In only one direction has the fiend advanced with tardy and halting steps, but, alas! even a tortoise advances surely, if slowly, and so does the enemy. While Holloway on one side is a howling desert of bricks and mortar, and even that most delightful of suburbs, old-fashioned Hampstead, is multiplying fast and decking its ancient thoroughfares with modern shams and tawdriness, and sending forth colonies to eat up its grassy slopes, Highgate, and its western approach retain more of their primitive aspect than any other corner of London. Highgate, with its strange old rambling taverns—notably The Flask, and The Gatehouse—where the horns

are preserved that travellers used to be sworn upon—but for the new red-brick schools which stand upon the old church burying ground, can have little changed its aspect since the days when it formed a part of the great Northern coach road. Lauderdale House where Nell Gwynne lived, Cromwell House, once tenanted by Ireton, are still to be seen; but, alas, warnings of approaching doom have come in the demolition of the fine old brick mansion known as Winchester Hall, upon the grounds of which Heaven knows how many ginger-bread shams will be erected. But the town itself has not as yet assumed any garish metropolitan look, it has still all the severe propriety of respectable provincialism.

Old people will of course call up memories of the days when, after crossing the canal in the Kentish Town Road, they were in the fields that stretched in unbroken lines to Holloway and Hampstead, when the Bull and Gate was a country inn, dating back to the Tudor days, and the scream of the steam whistle had never been heard in its precincts. All this is now as much town as Hampstead Road, although the waterman who attends upon the omnibuses at the aforesaid inn keeps up the old tradition, and bravely ignores these facts by shouting to coming passengers "Now for London!" as though he were plying for the old stage coach, that used to make two journeys a day between the town and Highgate. During the past seven years the fiend has been crawling up the hill, and has fallen upon more than one fine old mansion with its acres of grounds, and covered the site with hundreds of habitations, upon the sickly and attenuated frames of which hale old houses that are fast approaching their hundredth year look down with grim pitying contempt, and hug themselves with the belief that they will see them out before they die. Advancing up the hill, past the Bull and Last, a real old roadside inn, lying back from the road with a trough in front, past a red-tiled farm—a real farm—and, still within the four-mile radius, you come upon a sweep of fields, real green grass fields—not brick-fields, or whitey-brown turf—hedged and dotted with noble elms and oaks, swelling into hills, from the summit of which, looking southward, you can see London stretched panorama-like at your feet. When you are tired of this smoke-blurred picture, you can turn your eyes upon the dark masses of Caen Wood, upon the leafy slopes crowned by Highgate Church, or down upon the broad ponds that lie below shimmering in the sunshine. Here, you have escaped the monster city at last, not even its roar can reach you, you see only greenery and blue sky, and hear only the rustle of the leaves and the songs of the birds.

Long may the noble owner of this oasis live, should be the prayer of every sojourner in the brick desert who makes pilgrimages hither, for he turns a deaf ear to the fiend, and the speculative builder knows that that land is not for him. Report, whether truly or falsely I cannot aver, hints that his successor may be less obdurate to the voice of the tempter.

It would be a sad pity to destroy this lovely spot, for, in addition to its healthful and picturesque claims, it has so many interesting associations, both literary and historical. On that rising ground from which we have just been looking down upon London, some of the Guy Faux conspirators watched for the blowing-up of the Parliament House; the fields and the lane that skirt it was a favourite resort of Lamb and Coleridge and Keats and Leigh Hunt, and has been probably of every cultivated and artistic dweller in the great Babylon that has known of their existence. The loss of this one remnant of real country which has been left to us within the radius, would be a deplorable calamity to the thousands who every year seek pure air and recreation in its pleasant fields, and when we remember that only one aged life stands between the probabilities of its destruction or spoliation, it is time to think how such a calamity might be averted. In the event of danger, it might be a splendid corollary to the Hampstead Heath acquisition, were the Board of Works to purchase the estate and preserve it and its beauties *in perpetuum* for the pleasure and recreation of the inhabitants of London. I give this as a hint.

H. BARTON-BAKER

**TREES IN VILLAGES.**—The other day there appeared in a morning contemporary an interesting letter, pointing out that the characteristically modern practice of abolishing trees has not been confined to our cities and towns, but has extended also to our villages. At first sight this statement seems hardly credible, for there can be no doubt that arboriculture has of late received from farmers and landlords much more attention than hitherto, and a village is almost the last place in the world in which one expects to find traces of that ruthless, uprooting Vandalism which stamps the age. Yet it is so, and we know it for a fact. We know villages in the Midlands where trees have been cut down and destroyed wholesale for the sake of their timber; and where roads, and lanes, and byeways, which once were pleasant and beautiful, are now shorn of their sylvan glories, and rendered uninterestingly bare. Ecclefechan, again—the birthplace of Thomas Carlyle—has suffered much in the same way, only two withered stumps now remaining of the line of beech-trees which once brightened its main street. There are, no doubt, various causes of the evil. Well-meaning ignorance, which mistakes destruction for improvement; a hard commercial spirit, utterly dead to the softening influences of natural things; and perhaps, also, the grinding pressure of "hard times," have played their part in the work of destruction. But perhaps the most striking thing displayed is the apparently complete indifference to the poetical and educational side of the question—a feeling wholly at variance with that which prevailed in olden days, when the village tree, with its rustic seat and stretch of greensward, were indispensable and well-beloved institutions, in themselves, and still more in their associations, marking a far simpler and far less artificial life than ours. It is no doubt easy to point out an error; it is equally difficult to correct it. Looking at the wanton destruction of trees which goes on comparatively unchecked in England, one is tempted to think longingly of the law existing in some parts of the Continent, which compels every man who cuts down a tree to plant another in its place, and to wish that we could import a pretty May-day custom from the youthful townships of the Great North-West of Canada, where, on the 1st of May each year, every good citizen sallies forth, and plants a tree on the wayside, thus benefiting his own and succeeding generations, and for ever insuring a refreshing attraction to the place in which he dwells.

**THE NAIL-MAKER'S EARNINGS.**—Once again one of those deplorable trade disagreements to which the nail-making industry seems so peculiarly liable has been terminated by such a yielding on the part of the masters as will afford temporary satisfaction at all events to the operatives. It would not be easy to explain how it is that certain manufactures have gradually deteriorated until those who are still engaged in them in a subordinate capacity are able at best of times to earn little more than bare bread for their families. This is especially the case as regards the nail-makers and the chain-makers of Worcestershire and its neighbourhood. It is not sufficiently explained by the fact that the employment of steam machinery is responsible for the depreciation of wages. There are scores of manufactures to which in modern times machinery contributes at least as much as to the production of iron chains and nails, and the work-people connected with them are still able to make a tolerable living. The nail-makers, however,—and there must be, reckoning men, women, and children, something like a hundred thousand of them—have somehow sunk to a condition that appears to be well-nigh hopeless. On their account only the districts they inhabit are well named the Black Country, for nowhere is there tolerated anything that so nearly approaches downright slavery. The nail-making villages, as a rule, are squalid forlorn-looking places, a hovel with a fire and a forge being attached to almost every house, and where from early in the morning until late

at night the father and mother, and but too often the daughter growing towards womanhood, and little children are busy at the sooty forge. The last strike, which was continued through several weeks, doomed nearly thirty thousand nail-makers to idleness and its consequences. At first sight it may appear amazing that a community so ill-provided with the weapons of resistance should find courage to make a stand against their employers, but on the other hand it is conceivable that a man's earnings may be pared and pared until they touch so closely on starvation-point that it is really a matter of small importance—with the relieving officer to apply to—whether he continues at work or stands idle. This would appear to be the condition of affairs in Worcestershire recently, inasmuch as though in the end the masters have given way, and agreed to give the men an advance of twenty-two per cent. on the rate of wages they revolted from, they will in future be able to earn—according to an authoritative statement in *The Times*—no more than 15s. per week, and this much, provided only that they are content to work on an average fifteen hours a day from Monday morning to Saturday night; and out of this miserable amount of earnings the unfortunate nailer has to provide his own tools, workshop, and fuel.

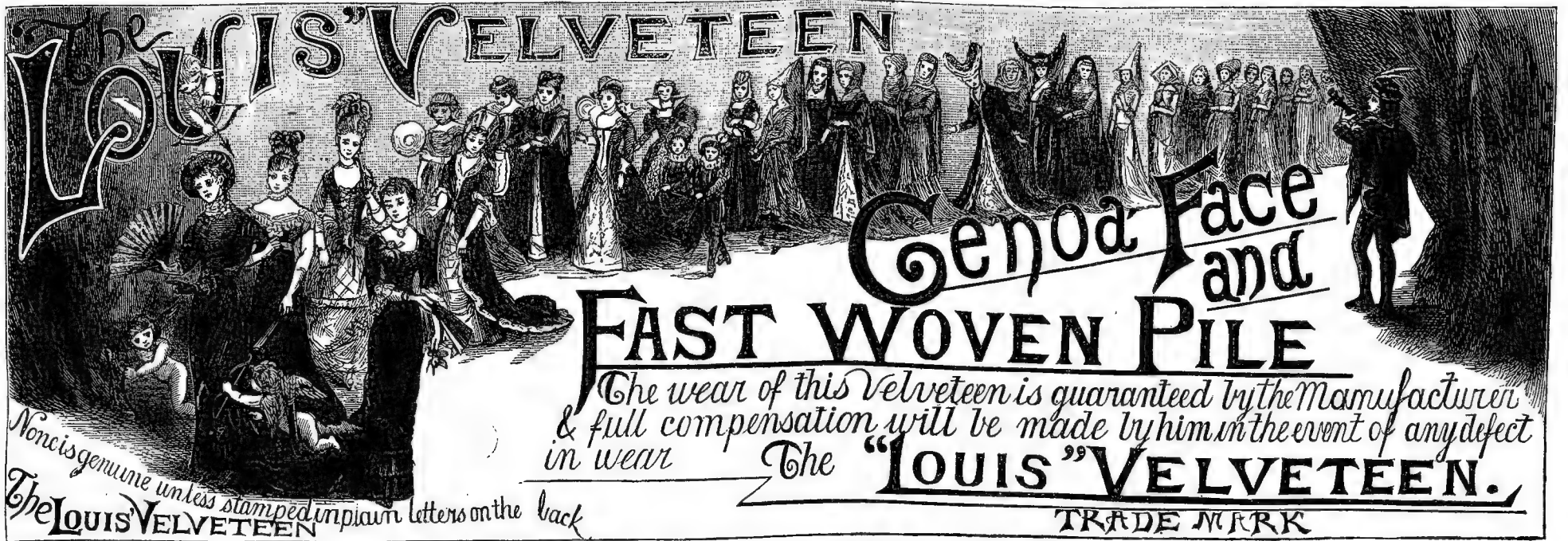
**AN UGLY "FIJIAN REVIVAL."**—According to the Melbourne *Argus*, the odious custom of man-eating is not yet entirely banished from among the natives of Fiji. It was said (the assertion has since been contradicted) that the new taxation scheme, which includes the rendering of a certain amount of labour in the Government Gardens in lieu of money payment, does not meet with universal approval, and that at Levuka popular indignation was so fiercely roused against a native officer of Excise that a skirmish ensued, and the said officer was killed. In order to conceal the crime it was necessary to hide the body, and it appears to have occurred to some one who probably came of cannibal ancestors that the most effectual manner of securing this object was to eat it and, as everyone who consumed his share might freely be charged as an accessory after the fact, perhaps no better way could have been devised for ensuring secrecy. The matter, however, got to the ears of the native teacher of the place, and, afraid that he would report the murder, those who had a hand in it compelled him by threats to be present at the dreadful feast, and to partake of the *bakalo*, the ancient name for cannibal food. Afraid for his life, the native teacher did as requested, but at the earliest opportunity reported the occurrence to the authorities, who, it is to be hoped, will take prompt and severe measures to prevent a repetition of such revolting outrage. At the same time there are possibly grey-headed men in Fiji who well remember when *bakalo*, if not a common article of diet, was eaten just as often as any public ceremony was performed, or when tribe fought against tribe. The Rev. Mr. Williams, who lived amongst these people for thirteen years, and knew, perhaps, more than any other European of their bygone barbarous usages, tells us that "cannibalism is one of their institutions, and is interwoven in the elements of society." To be eaten by the enemy was regarded by the ancient warrior as honourable sepulture, and as a sort of grace before meat it was customary to chant a rhyme, of which the worthy missionary alluded to gives the following as a free translation:—"Where is the courageous? Gone to be dragged (into the town to be cooked). Where is the coward? Gone to report." Nor was the battle-field the only source from which the dreadful supply was drawn. When a head man launched a canoe it was common for a certain number of "marked men" to be killed, and used as rollers to facilitate the vessel launching, the said rollers afterwards serving as a banquet for the ship's carpenters. "This, however, is seldom done now," says Mr. Williams, "neither is it now common to murder men in order to wash the deck of a new canoe with their blood." Thank goodness, there is but little danger of the Fijian people backsliding to any semblance of their ghastly past.

**THE HARVEST AND BAKERS' PRICES.**—The bakers of the metropolis can hardly be accused of being blind to their own interest, or slow in availing themselves of anything in the nature of a plausible excuse for raising the price of bread. That the English corn harvest must suffer seriously on account of the unseasonable rains is unfortunately undeniable, but it was scarcely so when to the simple and satisfactory "6d. the four pound loaf" exhibited at the shops at which the staff of life of "household" quality was retailed the odd halfpenny was tacked on. The possible spoiling of the crop was no more than a mere whisper—not loud enough to rouse to action the vigilant merchants of Mark Lane, but it was at once taken advantage of by the confederated brotherhood of master bakers as a reason why the bread consumer should have twelve per cent. clapped on to its previous cost. A week elapsed, and the harvest prospects becoming gloomier, so much so indeed that the price of corn went up as much as two shillings the quarter, the bakers saw no remedy for the misfortune but to charge still another penny for a four-pound loaf, and its common price now is sevenpence-halfpenny. To people of merely moderate means, though they may not have large families to provide for, the increase may be regarded as but a trifling item, but amongst the thousands of the working classes who are compelled to exercise such strict economy that the number and the thickness of the slices that compose the children's rations are measured according to the number of loaves that can be afforded, it is quite another matter. It is by the poorest consumers that the "rise" will be most felt, since with them more than any other class bread is the staple of their diet. A man and his wife with half-a-dozen hearty children will probably eat three quarter loaves daily, and the three halfpence extra represents to them a loss of two shillings and three halfpence, or as much as would purchase four and a quarter quarter loaves at the old price. It is to be hoped at all events that the baker having placed himself so comfortably on the safe side of the hedge will be content for the present.

**ADELAIDE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.**—The last mail brings particulars of this Exhibition, the opening of which on July 31st, by His Excellency the Governor, was duly announced by telegram of that date. The Exhibition has proved highly successful, the demands for space having been so numerous and urgent that it was found necessary to extend the original plan, and to greatly increase the area. The main building is that belonging to the Agricultural Society, to which have been added a number of important annexes, the principal of which contains sixteen courts. These are respectively devoted to Victoria, New South Wales, New Zealand, Tasmania, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Belgium, Japan, Turkey, China, Switzerland, America, India, and Great Britain. The British Court occupies more than two-thirds of the east side of the annex, with an area equal to six times that of any other. In this court the models and representations of the London and St. Katharine Docks Company, particularly those of the wool warehouses, are attracting much notice. Near these are shown the specimens of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, illustrating the progress of submarine telegraphy. The Steel Company of Scotland have a good show of plates for marine, locomotive, and stationary boilers; Messrs. Hingley and Sons some fine specimens of anchors and cables; and the West Cumberland Iron and Steel Company steel rails, plates, and steel castings, &c. The miscellaneous exhibits comprise a fair representation of the varied industries of the United Kingdom. In honour of the opening the House of Assembly adjourned. The ceremony was brilliant and imposing, being attended by the Chief Justice, the President of the Legislative Council, the Speaker of the House of Assembly, the Members of the Government, and the Mayor and Council of Adelaide. An address was presented to His Excellency, who declared the Exhibition open; after which a cantata, written by Mr. D. C. F. Moodie, and composed by Mons. Meilhan, was executed.



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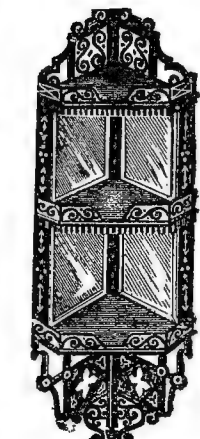
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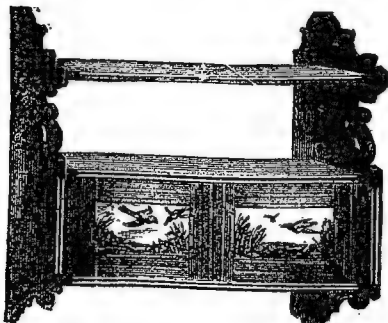
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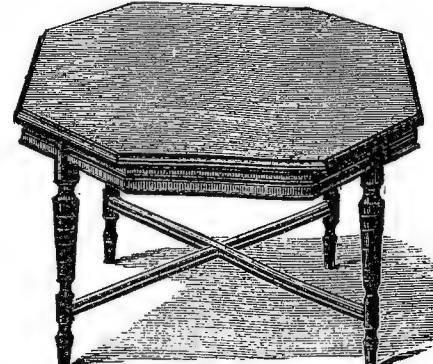
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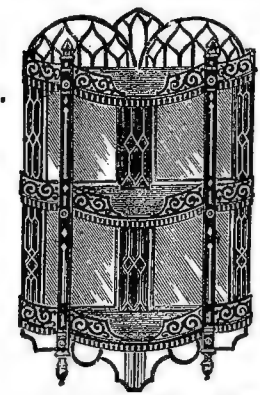
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‘A SAXON HOUSEWIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES’  
FROM THE PICTURE BY HUGO VOGEL, EXHIBITED AT THE UNITED ARTS GALLERY



# The Boulogne Sand Hills

## I.

GEORGE JONES was taking his yearly holiday. He was a worthy man, shrewd in his own line, honest, and, as need hardly be stated, an Englishman. He was thirty-five years of age, in the enjoyment of a comfortable post in the office of Public Works, and a bachelor. Not bad-looking, of average height, square-shouldered, well-built, scrupulous in dress, with brown hair, a beard trimmed in the fashion of Vandyke's days, and blue eyes, which, as he was well aware, were his best feature.

He stood, when we are introduced to him, in the drawing-room of Madame Boutiton's boarding-house, Numero 999, Rue de Neuve Chaussée, Boulogne. Jones was not much acquainted with the Continent; once he had penetrated as far as Paris, but that was years ago, and since then his experience had been confined to his native shores. His attitude, with his legs apart, his hands behind his back, was suggestive of the Briton. He was a little impressed by the idea that it was a fine thing to be abroad, and wished these foreigners to understand that though he might honour their shores with his presence, it was only because he had seen enough of all those much better things which might be seen at home.

"She is a remarkably fine girl, and the wonder is how she could have become his wife. But, I suppose, it is the same thing over again: these French buy and sell their women in the same fashion they used to manage down Carolina. I presume he has money, and she hasn't; he has what she has not, and she has what he wants; *voula tout*, the bargain's ended."

The speaker, the only other occupant of the room, was seated at his ease in a low rocking-chair, turning an unlighted cigarette round and round in his fingers. Mr. Jeffrey James Lyne was, as his speech betrayed, an American. Short in stature, slight in build, with fair hair, fair moustache microscopic in dimensions, a square, well-shaped chin, a nose with a tendency to aquiline, sleepy, uncertain-coloured eyes, with an air of perfect, well-bred self-possession, undeniably a gentleman, he was a type of a certain class in Young America. The peculiarity in speech which betrayed his birth was its extreme nicety, his musical voice, a certain undefined drawl, and the odd manner in which he, every now and then, chose big words to express little meanings.

Jeffrey James Lyne was scampering through Europe,—partly because it was the thing to do, partly for pleasure, partly for profit. For Mr. Lyne had a keen eye for business and shining dollars. Chance, or his own inclination, had brought him to Boulogne; and, meeting in the same boarding-house, Mr. Jones and he had, almost as a matter of course, become acquaintances.

Mr. Jones balanced himself upon his toes and heels judiciously before he replied to Mr. Lyne's remarks. Although a bachelor—perhaps because he was a bachelor—he took considerable interest in women, especially young ones, and in this particular instance he wished to impress upon Mr. Lyne that he was acquainted with his subject.

"It's all very well for you cold-blooded Yankees to talk like that. Women may be bought and sold, I don't dispute it, and some men may be had at a price, upon a pinch; but there are women who are as far above rubies—or their equivalent—as as Mont Blanc is above St. Paul's. Women indeed, who would as soon as think of bartering their heart for gold, as—as they would of flying."

Mr. Lyne rose, and laughed. He was anxious to smoke his cigarette. Good manners and the rule of the house prevented him doing so in Madame Boutiton's drawing-room.

"Name them," he retorted. "I give an example of the one sort; it remains with you to provide an illustration of the other."

Mr. Jones withdrew one hand from under his coat tails, and extending it in front of him, as became an orator, accepted the challenge.

"Then I name Miss Cheshire! Agnes Cheshire, sir, is a woman who can only be bought with one price, the price of affection! Her heart is a heart it would be a privilege to win! There can be only one sort of barter for her, the barter of love for love!"

"You think so?" Mr. Lyne smiled, as he placed his cigarette between his lips, and looked at Mr. Jones with his sleepy eyes. "On what grounds?"

"On what grounds?" exclaimed Mr. Jones, "on what grounds, sir! Look at her eyes! Look at her nose! Look at her lips! Look at the whole expression of her countenance! Look at her forehead! A forehead like that, sir, stamps a woman, like—the hall-mark does gold!"

Mr. Lyne said nothing, but moved towards the door, the ghost of a smile upon his lips. When he reached it, he held up his cigarette, and turned to Mr. Jones.

"I'm going to have a smoke upon the sands, will you come?"

"No," said Mr. Jones; "no, thanks, I seldom smoke at this time; besides, I have a letter or two to write."

Mr. Lyne went, and Mr. Jones was left behind. He did not appear in a hurry to write that letter or two of which he had spoken, but remained where Mr. Lyne had left him, balancing himself upon his toes and heels, a favourite trick of Mr. Jones. He was engaged in thought.

Since his arrival in Boulogne he had met with two objects of interest, and both of them were feminine. The first was the lady of whom Lyne had spoken as having been sold, a common custom with the French. Her name was Madame de Slegal, and she was a fine example of the charming Frenchwoman. She not only was beautiful, with that piquant beauty her sisters are famous for; she not only knew how to dress her beauty to perfection, but her charms of manner were equal to her charms of person. She was fascinating, and, like the born coquette she was, used her powers on every one who came within her range. Mr. Jones was one, and she had made herself more attractive to him than he would have cared to own.

For there was a Monsieur in the case. And Monsieur de Slegal was as unpleasant as Madame de Slegal was the contrary. He was an old soldier of a bygone type, always talking of fighting, and those happy days when one could cut a friend's throat before each meal. Monsieur de Slegal was a veteran with whom Mr. Jones wished to have as little to do as possible, and certainly nothing unpleasant. Yet Mr. Jones began to have his doubts.

The other object of interest was Miss Cheshire, Agnes Cheshire. She was an exceedingly pretty girl, as distinctly English as Madame was distinctly French. So pretty and so pleasant, that Mr. Jones had fallen head over heels in love with her at first sight. At this very moment he was deliberating which would be the most favourable opportunity for putting the question to her formally. That he would do so before he left Boulogne he had decided. He was comfortably off, he had learned that she was not penniless; why should she not be Mrs. Jones? He did not doubt that he would be as acceptable to her as she was to him; only, Madame de Slegal was on his shoulders.

But Mr. Jones was a clever man. He had concocted a scheme by means of which he intended, not only to get her off his shoulders, but on his side in friendship. He was only awaiting a chance to put it into execution. That chance came sooner than he had expected.

For, as he stood there, still engaged in thought, the door opened, and a lady entered. A lady of twenty-three, or thereabouts, dressed in a bewildering costume—some shade of lavender, which served to insinuate, rather than exhibit, the grace of her figure. As she saw Mr. Jones standing there, she bowed slightly, and smiled a natural

smile, which gave an added charm to every feature. It was Madame de Slegal.

"So you and I are in together. That is strange. But Fate often throws those together who need no throwing. I had no notion you were not with the others, or possibly I should not have ventured so near you."

Moving across the room, Madame accepted the chair he offered, looking up at him with her flashing eyes. She spoke English far better than he spoke French, with a slight accent not displeasing in such a speaker. Her manner conveyed a greater compliment than her words, and they were strong enough. Mr. Jones felt a little awkward.

"Eh, ah—I'm sure if I had known that you were in, I should have been very glad. But, ah—I wanted to speak to you very seriously, Madame de Slegal."

Mr. Jones fidgetted about, and then sat down on the extreme edge of a chair, about six feet from her. To tell the truth, he felt that matters had gone rather too far with this fair lady, and he was anxious to get safe out of what promised to be a scrape.

"Seriously, Mr. Jones?" Oddly the name sounded from Madame's lips. She dropped her eyes and her voice at the same time, trifling with her dainty fingers. "What can you have to say to me seriously?"

This was exactly what Mr. Jones did not want. Madame was evidently in for sentiment, he was in for just the contrary. He began to wish Nature had made him less agreeable, and that flirtation was an art he had never studied. He bent forward on his chair, and clasped his hands between his knees.

"When I say seriously," he began, "I mean seriously. I—I—in short, to be perfectly frank and candid, you and I—"

Mr. Jones stood up, leaving his sentence unfinished. Madame took it up for him.

"Well," she said, hardly above a whisper, flashing at him from the corner of her eyes, "you and I? What of you and I?"

"Don't!—don't!" cried Mr. Jones, "you shouldn't do it. I'm an older man than you, I've seen more of the world, and I tell you we shall be getting into an awful mess if we don't look out."

"Getting into an awful mess!" Madame looked up in amazement, whether genuine or not was more than Jones could tell. "What do you mean?"

There was a pleading in her eyes and voice Mr. Jones could not resist. He felt that he had gone too far.

"Of course, when I say we shall get into an awful mess, I don't mean anything unpleasant," he explained, sitting down again, and drawing his chair nearer than was absolutely necessary; "you and I have been capital friends, and—and if we have gone in for—a little flirtation now and then, why, we're none the worse for that."

"You shock me, Mr. Jones. Married people should never flirt!" He might shock her, but she showed few outward signs, unless an arch smile hovering round her lips, and a side glance from the corners of her eyes, might be taken to be such.

"That's just what I feel," exclaimed Mr. Jones, "that's just what I feel! Now, what would your husband say if he were to find out?"

Madame clasped her hands with a little cry.

"Oh, what has he not said already!—what has he not threatened!—He has seen it all, he says; oh, what is it he does not say? He is cruel, cruel! and he says he will be re-revenged—with horror—with horror—on you!"

Madame threw up her hands as though she was appealing to the unseen Powers, and Mr. Jones sprang from his seat as though some one had struck him unawares.

"Eh?—eh?—you don't mean to say that Monsieur de Slegal is annoyed about you and me?"

She was standing up also, and they were face to face.

"Annoyed!—that is not the word! He is inflamed with passion, and he swears he will have your life! But what does that matter?"—this, with one of those smiles Mr. Jones used to think irresistible, "he has not got it yet."

But Mr. Jones did not view it in that light. He was pacing up and down the room, trying to digest the news as best he could.

"It matters a great deal to me. I assure you, and I can assure him, that I had no more idea of such a thing than—I had of stealing the Monument. It's preposterous! You don't mean to say that he thinks we are in love with each other?"

It was a plain question, to which she could not find it in her heart to give a plain answer. To her the position was quite as it should be. She had all a Frenchwoman's love for questionable love-making, and a touch of tragedy was the one thing wanting.

"How shall I tell? How can you ask me? He sees that we are much together—"

"But, hang it!" interrupted Mr. Jones, beginning to get slightly exasperated with Madame de Slegal; "I'm in love with Agnes Cheshire, and was this minute going to ask you to say a word for me in that direction."

The effect of this speech took him aback. His experience had hitherto lain with ladies of his own land. Frenchwomen were a race unknown to him. It is certain he had never figured in such questionable proceedings before, nor would have done so now if he had only seen where he was going.

"You are in love with Agnes Cheshire—Miss Cheshire—and you dare to tell me to my face!—*Cochon!* How dare you to insult me!"

Her language and appearance were undoubtedly fiery, and Mr. Jones was staggered.

"Insult you! what do you mean? How have I insulted you? I only said that I loved Miss Cheshire."

"Only!—He says, 'only!'—and I have braved my husband's wrath to be told that he is false!"

And Madame de Slegal showed immediate signs of fainting. As a gentleman, the only thing Mr. Jones could do was to run forward and catch her, in case she fell. When she knew that he was at hand to render her that service, she lost no time in falling, and he had the satisfaction of supporting her, awkwardly enough, with her head upon his shoulder.

"Madame de Slegal, for gracious sake don't faint! Supposing some one was to come and find us! This is the most horrible situation I ever heard of. Upon my word and honour, I had no more idea of insulting you than I had of going to the moon! Any satisfaction which, as a gentleman, I can offer you—hang it, there's some one coming!"

There was: he was right. Steps were heard approaching, and the handle of the door was turned. He made a frantic effort to place his burden on a chair, giving her a little shaking by way of restorative. But he was too late, the door opened, and there, standing motionless upon the threshold, was Monsieur de Slegal.

Mr. Jones has been heard to declare that the sensations of that moment were equal to years of agony. He was turned into a statue, and for a moment lost the power of speech. There stood Mr. Jones, with his arms around the fainting lady, and there stood Monsieur de Slegal, glaring at him with angry eyes.

Monsieur de Slegal was, in person, something like the pictures of Don Quixote, tall, and thin, and rusty, with high cheek-bones, a long white imperial, and fierce moustaches, twisted to a point on either side, and with a general stiffness which made one wonder whether, at any period of his existence, a poker had been introduced into his internal economy. No mistaking the kind of man he was; he carried his cane as though it were a sword, and his attitudes were taken from the small-sword drill.

He came forward stiffly—you almost expected to hear him creak—Jones remaining as though fascinated by a serpent's glance.

"Monsieur Shoonies, when you have released Madame, we will have our small discussion."

His English was not so good as Madame's. He said "Shoonies," meaning "Jones," and his accent might fairly be described as being as angular as his person.

"Before I put her down," replied Mr. Jones, finding his tongue, "I tell you, Monsieur de Slegal, that I know no more what's the matter with her, than—I do what's going to happen, in the middle of next century."

"That," rejoined Monsieur rustily, "Monsieur Shoonies, amongst other things, will be a matter for our discussion."

Having volunteered his little explanation, Mr. Jones proceeded to lift Madame bodily from the floor, and bear her to a neighbouring sofa. She lay like a log in his arms, Monsieur standing stock-still, never offering the slightest aid. As soon as she was placed comfortably upon the couch, and Mr. Jones turned to leave her, as though, "come to" at her own sweet will, she rather surprised him by reviving on the instant, sitting up, and rubbing her eyes as naturally as though just roused from her beauty-sleep.

"Where am I?" asked Madame; "what is the matter with us all?"

Monsieur took upon himself to reply.

"That is a matter for our discussion. Monsieur Shoonies and I will have some business to transact."

Monsieur Shoonies felt that the "business" referred to, if it went so far, would be business to him, but a pleasure to the other party. They remained looking at each other, and for a minute there was an awkward silence.

## II.

MONSIEUR DE SLEGAL was the first to break the pause. Jones stood on one side of the table, his hands in his pockets, Monsieur on the other, his cane tucked under his arm, his hands behind his back. Madame sat on the couch, apparently bewildered.

"Monsieur Shoonies, may I venture to inquire what is this conduct of yours? It is only one thing that I ask: it is that you afford me satisfaction."

His manner was at once polite and severe, his words dropped from his lips one by one; he stood rigid as a statue, fascinating Jones with his glittering eye. If he had in any degree lost his temper, he did not disclose the fact. His dignity was imposing, his calmness crushing. That fury which Madame had portrayed was conspicuous by its absence. Jones was in a fix.

"Give you satisfaction?—What do you mean?—Fight!—Not if I know it!—I'm not a fool, sir! Look here, Monsieur, I declare to you that there is no more between me and Madame de Slegal than—than there is between me and the Sultan of Turkey! I appeal to you, Madame, have I—have I ever said to you a word which your husband might not have heard?"

Monsieur, still statuesque, removed his stick from beneath his arm, and tapped Mr. Jones significantly upon the shoulder.

"Monsieur Shoonies, you will leave Madame de Slegal out of the matter. If you are a gentleman, Monsieur, you will understand that I will accept nothing but satisfaction—the De Slegals still wear swords. Should you refuse, I will compel you to accede."

"Compel me! I never heard such nonsense in all my life! Do you suppose that I—I, a man in the office of Public Works—have come over here to make a lunatic of myself? When I do fight, you may stake your last shilling it will be on less crack-brained grounds than these! If you think your feelings are wounded, then, as an Englishman and a gentleman, I offer you an apology."

"An apology?" Monsieur's tone conveyed a decided sneer. "Is Monsieur Shoonies a poltroon?"

"No, sir, I am not a poltroon!" And Mr. Jones banged his fist upon the table. "But I do say this, that a man who would fight a duel, and such an one as this would be, must be nothing else than a born idiot?"

"Does Monsieur call me an idiot?"

"No, I don't, sir!" observed the indignant Jones; "but I'll take uncommonly good care that I give no one a chance to call me one!"

The thin vein of passion which ran through Monsieur de Slegal's rejoinder made every word go home like a poisoned dart. It was as though he was speaking to an inferior creature.

"Then I say that Monsieur Shoonies is *canaille*, and an English dog—he is a poltroon; to such the De Slegals always use canes."

"Why, you impudent old—!" Mr. Jones was aghast, but he drew up there. "If you weren't an old gentleman, I'd show you how an Englishman receives such language."

"A Frenchman never receives, he always gives."

And, to show exactly what he meant, he moved round the table, and struck Mr. Jones several times smartly on the back and shoulders. Madame stood up, her head bent forward, her hands thrown back, prepared to rush in and form a third in the exciting tableau. But, for the present, she refrained.

This was more than Mr. Jones could stand. Seizing the cane, he snatched it from his assailant's hands, and, fairly losing his temper, struck him with considerably more violence than Monsieur had used to him, ending by snapping the cane across his knee, flinging the fragments into his antagonist's face, and seizing him by the shoulders, hurled him to the floor, with sufficient force to shake the room.

"You impudent old scoundrel!" raved Mr. Jones, "if you were half your age I'd throw you through the window, neck and crop."

But Madame now saw proper to become an actor in the drama. She sprang forward, and, bending over her prostrate husband, raised her hands either to Jones or the ceiling.

"Oh, mercy! mercy! Henri! Henri! are you slain? Oh, *sécherat*, you destroy not only my reputation, but my husband's also!"

"I destroy your reputation!" began Jones. But the opening of the door, and the entrance of a fresh spectator, prevented his concluding.

The new comer was Mr. Lyne. He stared, as well he might, astonished at the scene which met his gaze. There was Monsieur de Slegal lying full length upon the floor, Madame bending over him, a study of agonised beauty, Mr. Jones, glaring at them both, pink in the face with rage.

"I call you to witness," shouted Jones directly he entered, "that he struck me first, and that I knocked him down, and that of all the nonsense I ever heard of, this is out and away the biggest tomfoolery."

Mr. Lyne perceived that, before making any remark, and thereby committing himself to either side, the best thing he could do would be to offer his assistance. Crossing to where Monsieur lay, he offered his arm.

"I trust that Monsieur de Slegal is not injured; will Monsieur permit me to assist him in rising?"

Monsieur permitted him, and, with his aid, regained his feet. He was little the worse for his adventure, save, perhaps, that he smarted slightly, and had been more shaken than he cared for. Outwardly he was stiff and cold as ever.

"Monsieur Lyne is a witness to Monsieur Shoonies' words; he has struck a De Slegal. There can be but one termination. Am I to address Monsieur Lyne as Monsieur Shoonies' friend?"

"Do you think I—?" began Jones again. But Lyne stopped him.

"If you take my advice, you will say nothing further at present. With Monsieur de Slegal's permission I will give him an answer at his convenience."

Putting Jones' arm within his own, Mr. Lyne marched him out



of the room. They went upstairs to Jones's bedroom; when they reached it, and Lyne had closed the door, Mr. Jones gave vent to all that was upon his mind.

"Did you ever hear of such a thing in all your life?—do you know that that idiotic Frenchman pretends I have behaved improperly to his wife!—he called me *canaille*, and I don't know what, sir!—he actually struck me with his cane!—what do you think of that, sir?"

"I think," replied Mr. Lyne, affably smiling at his friend's heat, "that a man can hardly flirt with a woman, and knock her husband down, without expecting something to come of it further. I presume he means fighting; am I to act for you?"

"Fighting!" Mr. Jones gasped; it was more than he could relish. "Do you mean fight a duel?"

"And why not?" Mr. Lyne shrugged his shoulders. He saw no objection, it would form a pleasant variety in his travels, and should it become worth his while to publish his journal, the incident might be embodied in a telling chapter. "Of course you might run away, but that would hardly look nice; besides, he might run after you."

There was a cold-bloodedness about Lyne which was not to Jones's taste. Had any one told him that, among his Continental experiences, would figure a duel, he would have told that person that he or she was fit for Bedlam. Yet he seemed standing remarkably near the brink of one. The worst of it was, Lyne treated it as a matter of course. What Jones gasped at, he received with a gentle smile. Mr. Jones conjured up dim recollections of Bret Harte's stories, of ruffians murdering right and left, with smiling eyes, and sentimental poetry coming from their lips. He concluded that they were types of Americans in general, and that Jeffrey James Lyne was moulded in their likeness.

In the end Mr. Lyne was commissioned to receive all communications in his name, and to act on his behalf. This was comfortable for Jones, who, when he was left alone, was plunged into the deepest melancholy. He proceeded to make his will, as he told himself gloomily, "in case anything might happen," bequeathing half his worldly wealth to his mother, the other half to Miss Agnes Cheshire, expressly inserting that the latter would have had his heart as well, had he been left alive to offer it. This document he signed with his finest handwriting, inscribing it, "The Last Will and Testament of George Jones, Esq., late of the office of Public Works, Spring Gardens, London, S.W. To be opened in case of accident."

Then he decided to write three letters; one to his mother, one to Miss Cheshire, and one to the head clerk at his office, explaining how, having died in defence of his honour, he was unable to return to his duties on the appointed day. But, being at a loss to decide which of these epistles should be written first, he left them all alone, and paced from wall to wall, from door to window, wondering how Mr. Lyne was getting on.

In the course of an hour and a half Mr. Lyne returned. Jones, as he received him, sitting on his bed-side, would have made a good study for a picture of Misery. Lyne opened the subject at once.

"It's all right," Jones's spirits plucked up. "I've seen De Slegal, he has referred me to a friend, a General Calontbert. He declines to accept any apology—even if we offered one—and we have arranged for it to come off to-morrow morning on the Sand Hills."

Jones's spirit sank again. He was aware he and his friend took different views; to him it seemed all wrong.

"And you call that all right? Very well, if he kills me, or I kill him, it will be a clear case of murder." Mr. Lyne laughed pleasantly.

"There is still one course open, you can run away."

"Run away! What do you mean by your insinuations, sir? An Englishman never runs away. I may be a fool, but hang it, sir!—the man who calls me a coward will have to prove his words!"

"Very well, I said nothing. Had I thought you a coward, I should not be acting for you now. You are aware that the less said the better. You and De Slegal will meet as before; your little differences are not intended for the benefit of the public."

"I know that as well as you do, don't I?—Do you take me for an idiot?—I'm as capable of holding my tongue as De Slegal, or twenty like him."

Mr. Jones was excited, but his friend, making allowance for circumstances, took no notice. His next remark was made while he trifled with his moustache, looking at Jones curiously from his half-closed eyes.

"By the way, I fancy Miss Cheshire has got wind of something in the air. She has been asking if you and De Slegal have quarrelled, and by her manner I am inclined to think her sympathies are—"

he paused—"on your side."

"What's the use of talking about that to me, now?—Once I might have had hope—hang it! Lyne, are you quite heartless?—Don't you see that I am a marked man?"

Mr. Lyne indulged in that favourite trick of his—shrugging his shoulders.

"And why?—I would take an even bet De Slegal is left upon the field."

"What a fool I am!" soliloquised Mr. Jones, when his friend had left him again alone. "Coming out for a little holiday, falling in love with one woman, flirting with another, and getting murdered by her husband. Upon my soul, I believe Agnes likes me, and I—I'd give every penny I have in the world if the De Slegals had been at the bottom of the seas before they had come across my path. Just as there really comes a chance of love, a wife, home, and happiness, I throw it away; well, there's one thing, I only have myself to blame!"

That night there was a ball at the *Établissement*. Several of Madame Boutiton's boarders were there, and among them Mr. Jones and Miss Agnes Cheshire. They had one or two dances together, and, on the whole, seemed to enjoy each other's company. You would not have thought Jones was about to fight a duel in the early morning. The band struck up a final waltz, Waldteufel's very last.

"Let me have this last one?" pleaded Jones, suppliant to Miss Cheshire; "it may be some time before you and I dance again together."

Miss Cheshire said yes. There was a rosy tinge upon her cheeks, a happy light shining from her eyes as she gave him her consent. As he placed his arm about her waist, and drew her to him, their breath mingled, and sweeping round to the insidious strains, she leant on him more than was absolutely needful. The music tempted them to Fairyland, and their rhythmic movements completed the charm.

"If life were all a dance, if the music was always playing, whom would you choose to be your partner?"

She gave no answer, but, stooping her head a little lower, the blushes mounted to her cheeks. She understood what Jones conveyed, and he, for his part, needed no reply. But everything has an ending, dances included. The final dance was over, and the people passed into the moonlit night. But the intoxication of the scene lingered when the scene had vanished, and Jones and his partner bore it with them as they went out together. It was a beautiful night. The moon hung in full summer glory in the cloudless, starlit heavens, and the sea lay like a silver mirror at their right hand. There was the calm of a perfect summer night upon the world, and this, coming out of the whirl of music and of voices, was not without its charm. Jones and Miss Cheshire lingered as they passed arm-in-arm beside the shining sea.

"I shall not forget this night," he said, in a voice which could reach her ears alone, "as long as I live."

Miss Cheshire's tones were as soft as his own. There was a tremble, too, in her voice, which he could not but catch.

"It has been a very happy time, but why do you speak as though it would soon be over? You are not going away?"

"Not—not—" Jones's voice was rather choky, he had something to say, and he was not quite sure if he would be doing right in saying it; "not at present. Before I do go, I trust—I trust that you and I will have understood each other better."

"Do not we understand each other now?"

This was a question asked innocently, and when Miss Cheshire saw the meaning which it might convey, she could have bitten her tongue out for speaking. She blushed red as a rose, the more so as Jones seemed in no hurry to give an answer. The moonbeams took no pity, but shone down brightly on her crimson cheeks. But Mr. Jones spoke at last.

"I hope we understand each other. It is that thought which has been very pleasant to me, but—ere long, I hope we shall understand each other even better. Miss Cheshire—Agnes—" for the first time he called her Agnes, and, pausing, stood face to face with her, beside the sea; "whatever happens, whatever comes, believe—believe the best of me."

Miss Cheshire looked at him, surprised. There was something in his face and in his words she did not understand. He had taken her hand in his, and held it still, as they were close together.

"What is going to happen?—What is coming?—Of what are you afraid?"

"Afraid!" he replied, giving her words another meaning; "I am not afraid!" Then, giving way to a sudden impulse which he could not resist,—"Agnes! Agnes! tell me—tell me, darling, that you love me!"

Silence. People had gone on, and left them standing there. The sea broke gently against the wall, and that was the only sound. The moon and all the stars were keeping watch, while the tale of love was told again beneath their light. She bent before him, she would not meet his eyes, she trembled, she acted as maidens have acted times beyond knowledge before to-day. Then she raised her head, and the light which was in her eyes needed no words to tell the story.

"George, you know I love you."

"My love! My love! My own, own love!"

Jones put out his arms, and, spite of all who might be there to see, clasped her to him, raining kisses on the lips which, as of course, found out the way to his. There was a passion in his embrace, a clinging tenderness, prompted by something she did not know.

When they parted that night, his farewell words were these: "God bless you, my darling, and keep us both alive."

They, and the manner in which he said them, lingered long after in her memory, when the light of after events disclosed the meaning which was hidden to her then. In her prayers that night she included that of her lover's, that God might keep them both alive.

When Jones reached his room, he found, awaiting him upon the dressing table, a little note, scented, in a three-cornered envelope, sealed at the back, a dainty cream in colour, and a dainty lady's writing on its front. Jones knew the hand at once, it was from Madame de Slegal, but the sight of it did not please him, as was once the case. He snatched it up, and tore it into little pieces, without troubling to see what it contained, and dropped the fragments on the floor.

"Fool that I am! I have thrown my life away for such as her, while happiness has been waiting at my doors! If I could only have my time over again, if I could unlive the life that I have lived—bah! To-morrow morning I shall be a dead man!—a dead scoundrel, for I may have broken Agnes' heart! To think that I love my love, and she loves me, and yet I am standing face to face with this awful thing! Oh God, it cannot be!"

Mr. Jones, sitting at his dressing-table, put his hands before his face to think.

### III.

THE morning was fair as had been the preceding night. The sun, rising as the moon went down, lit the world from the same cloudless sky. The early breath of morn mingled with the breezes from the sea, and there was that sweet buoyancy in the air so welcome in the dawn of a summer day. All was calm and beautiful.

The duel was to take place at six. Jones, who rose at an early hour, felt Nature's garb of beauty almost a mockery. He was in a sullen, obstinate mood, disinclined to see good in anything. Why, he asked himself, should the day smile to see him die? And, failing an answer to that question, he dashed his boots upon the floor, and sought for a clean shirt to fight in.

It was nearly half-past five when Mr. Lyne came in to see if he were ready. That gentleman's unruffled countenance and perfect ease was a fresh aggravation, and Jones felt inclined to tell him that it was the duty of a second to feel in exactly the same state of mind as his principal.

"I could not see you last night, I was in bed before you came in, but, as we have no weapons, I have arranged with Calontbert that they shall provide the swords."

"Let 'em! what do I care? I never handled a sword in all my life!—But what does that matter so long as they are satisfied?"

Mr. Lyne shrugged his shoulders.

"You had the choice of weapons,—you chose swords."

"Yes, for your sake, not mine,—if it had been pistols it would have been ten to one I should have shot you instead of that murdering De Slegal. A mitrailleur was what we wanted, so that it could do for us all in a bunch."

Mr. Lyne laughed. His experience in these affairs was necessarily limited, he supposed it was quite the proper thing for a gentleman in Mr. Jones' position to fly into a passion. So he waited patiently while his friend finished his toilet, raving at everything, from tooth-brushes to boot-jacks, from De Slegal to his own folly. Finding the looking-glass reflected his fiery countenance, he struck it with his hair-brush, and cracked it down the centre. Shortly after that they started for the scene of action.

It was on the left of the town, beyond the *Établissement*, among the hills. No particular spot had been selected, but it had been arranged to meet outside the town, and then proceed together till a spot was found. They found their antagonists waiting their arrival: three—De Slegal, his second General Calontbert, and a doctor.

On their meeting, everybody raised his hat and bowed to everybody,—all formal and correct.

De Slegal seemed, if possible, stiffer than ever, as though he could not bend his back to save his life. General Calontbert was a fire-eater of a different type. He had won fame in the Franco-Prussian War, and, if report spoke truly, had done wonders in leading on his men—from the rear. He appeared to treat the whole thing as a splendid joke, and this view was shared by his friend the doctor, a stout, jolly, red-faced gentleman, who clapped Jones on the back, assuring him that this would be the first duel which had been fought since he had been in the town. Whereupon Jones stopped short, and asked if he meant to insinuate that there had been no idiots there before he came.

"I think," remarked Calontbert, as they reached a part where the ground sloped to a little dale, tolerably level, hidden from the surrounding country by the higher lands, "that, subject to Monsieur Lyne's approval, this will suit our purpose."

Mr. Lyne agreed. His cue was to agree to anything within bounds, he having as much idea of how a duel ought to be conducted as he had of fighting one himself. He only knew that he had to place his man in front of the other man, put a sword in

his hand, and tell him to fight like blazes. After which, he opined, his duty would be to look on, and see who stuck the other.

"We will place them," observed Calontbert, while the doctor rubbed his hands and grinned, "sideways to the sun; that will give each his fair share of light."

Perceiving that Monsieur de Slegal took off his coat and waistcoat, and turned up his shirt-sleeves, Lyne suggested that Jones should do something of the same kind. But Jones told him that he would see him shot, and that he should fight as he thought proper. On Calontbert insinuating that the object of this partial disrobing was not only to give free action to the limbs, but also to show that no unfair defence was concealed beneath, Jones tore off his coat and waistcoat, and would have torn off his shirt also if Lyne had not stopped him.

"I call you to witness," exclaimed Jones, when the sword was in his hand, and all was ready for the fray, "that if I kill De Slegal it will not be my fault, because if it had been a question for my consideration you wouldn't have caught me fighting in a hurry, and if he kills me it will be the clearest case of murder since Cain killed Abel."

Calontbert looked indignant, the doctor aghast, De Slegal frigid. Even Lyne felt that this was not quite as it should be, but he was so utterly at sea that, if they had taken to blackening each other's eyes, there would have been no objection on his part. But Calontbert knew his business better.

"I would state that the remark of Monsieur Shoonoes is improper, his affairs are in the hands of Monsieur Lyne. If Monsieur Shoonoes refuses satisfaction,"—waving his arm—"there is all the country for him to run away."

"Come on! come on!" cried Jones, waving his weapon so near the general's nose that that gallant officer sprang at least three feet backwards; "if De Slegal wants to fight, or anybody else, you will find George Jones is not the one to balk his wishes."

This, it appeared, was equally irregular. Mr. Jones had no more right to issue indiscriminate challenges to mortal combat than he had to attack the company all round. Lyne tried to impress upon him—as well as he understood it himself—that everything must be arranged by the seconds, and that gentlemen kill each other with courtesy and good breeding. At last the principals were got into position, and Calontbert gave the signal to commence.

Jones's attitude was a study. He stood broadside, not sideways, to the enemy, holding his sword over his shoulder somewhat in the fashion the woodman his hatchet, when he chops down trees. De Slegal, an old duellist, skilled in every trick of fence, looked astonished. His attitude was as it should be, only there was no sword to cross his own. But by no law of duelling can you compel your antagonist to fence as you like, and not as he likes, especially when that antagonist is as ignorant as in the present case, so Jones followed the bent of his own sweet fancy.

It was the old story told over again. The skilled boxer is beaten by a man who never put on gloves, the trained swordsman is non-plussed by a novice. So with M. de Slegal and George Jones. This one's ignorance made useless the other's science. Jones cut and hacked and slashed in every direction, rushing round and round De Slegal, making him whirl round like a teetotum. How it happened in the confusion he could hardly tell, they saw De Slegal's sword snap, saw Jones strike him somewhere, saw him throw up his arms, and fall down upon his back.

"Is he dead?" asked Lyne, suddenly remembering that if he were it would be awkward for seconds as well as principals.

"He is not dead," said the Doctor, examining the prostrate De Slegal, "but Monsieur Shoonoes had better return to England."

The answer was suggestive. Mr. Jones stood as one in a dream, his sword, red at the tip, still in his hand, staring at the little group around his fallen foe. Mr. Lyne turned to him, bidding him bestir himself, and prepare for departure.

"He is not dead?" he asked, as though he had not heard the question and the answer.

"No, he is not dead, but,"—with a shrug of his shoulders—"it's on the cards."

Mechanically Mr. Jones dropped his sword, put on his waistcoat, coat, and hat, suffered Lyne to put his arm through his, and lead him off the field.

"Supposing he's dead," groaned Jones, as they hastened towards the town.

"Let us suppose nothing so unpleasant. The best thing you can do is to pack your trunks, and cross by next boat to the other shore. I shall go probably to Paris. I had intended remaining another week, but it's not worth risking. If he does die, the scarer we make ourselves the better for our convenience."

Jones made no answer. He had prepared for a tragedy, but a tragedy in another direction. This took him aback. The stain of blood was upon his hands, not upon another's. This was so completely a surprise that, as yet, he was not able to realise what it would mean to him if the worst ensued. He was only aware of one thing, that, the sooner Boulogne and he parted, the better it would be.

When they arrived at the boarding-house, his friend hurried him upstairs, leaving him—with the brief reminder that the boat left at midday—to his own reflections. Instinctively he locked the door, and sat down upon his bed to think. By degrees consciousness returned, and he saw things plainer.

"If he dies—if he dies, I murdered him. That's a comfortable thing to know. And what becomes of Agnes, and all my dreams? What shall I seem to her, with his blood upon my hands? What to myself? What to all the world? Oh, Jones! Jones! what a fool you are!"

He buried his face in his hands, trembling as with the palsy. Another thought came to him. He started up, flinging his hands from him, his countenance white as death.

"My God! Will they hang me?"

Hang him? Would they? It was a question to which his imperfect knowledge of the law enabled to give no answer. But the thought of such a possibility first froze the blood in his veins, then sent it coursing through them with increased velocity. A fit of terror came on him. He went to his portmanteau, threw it open, and flung in his possessions helter-skelter, anyhow, caring neither how he put them in, nor for the condition in which they would be likely to emerge. Only one thought possessed him—flight.

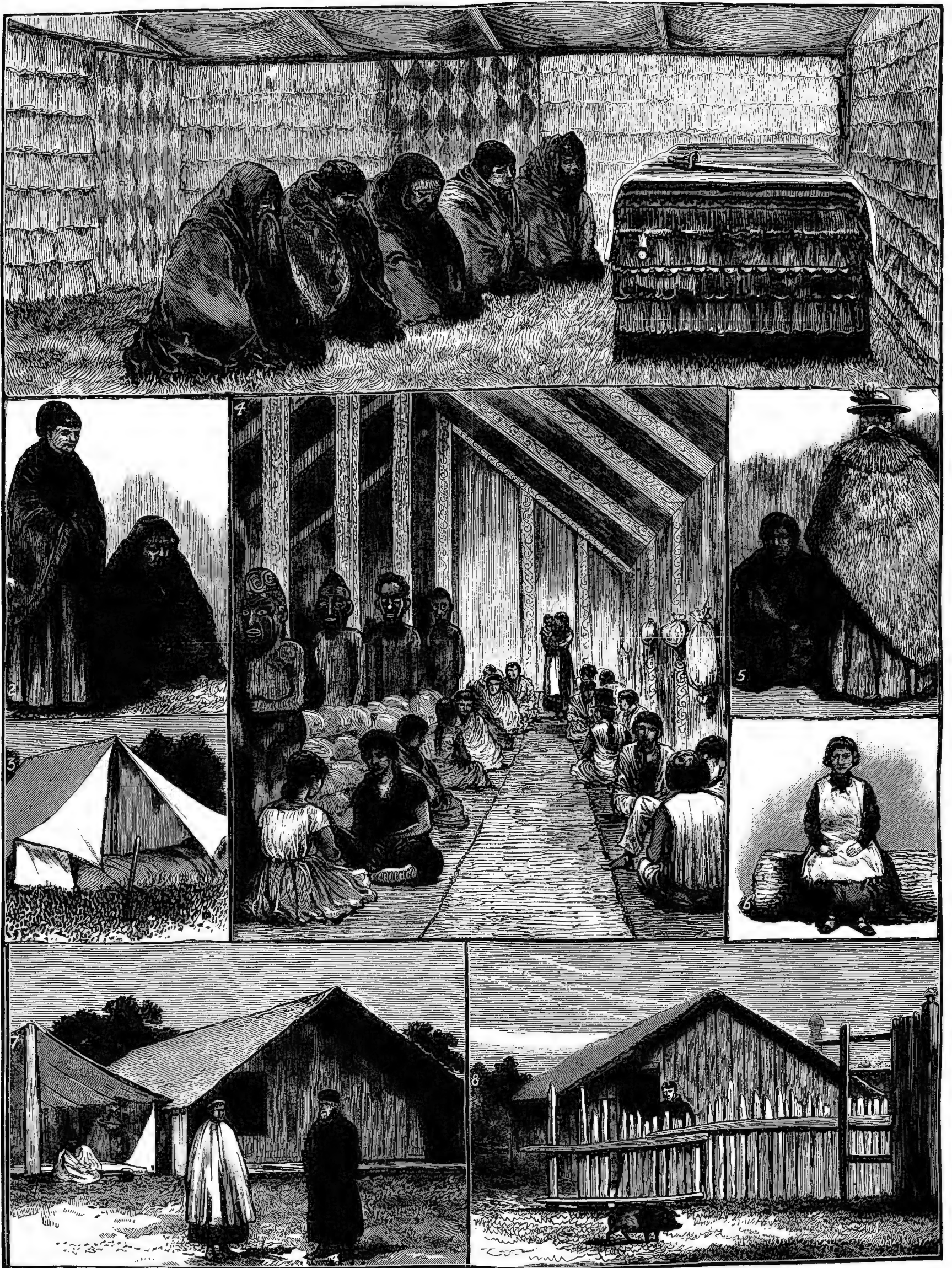
His packing was a process which occupied little time. When it was concluded, he was hot, and the perspiration stood on his face. He recognised this to be a condition in which it would not be advisable to meet the public eye, so sat down upon the bed again to cool. He looked at his watch—it was nine o'clock, and Lyne had said the boat started at twelve. Unable to control his impatience he got up, and rang the bell.

He bade the servant who answered it see that his portmanteau was taken at once down to the quay, and to ask her mistress for his bill. The boarders were then at breakfast. The girl, surprised by his appearance, his manner, and his request, showed her astonishment by her looks.

"What are you staring at?" shouted Jones. "Are you going to do what I tell you, or shall I save you the trouble?"

Thinking, possibly, that the English gentleman was touched in the head, the servant retired, and Mr. Jones had another interval of loneliness and impatience. Why didn't they bring up that bill? What was that woman up to? Was this the way a boarder was to be treated? Who was going to take down that portmanteau? And, in a confusion of thought, Mr. Jones stamped up and down his room as though every one was to blame but himself.

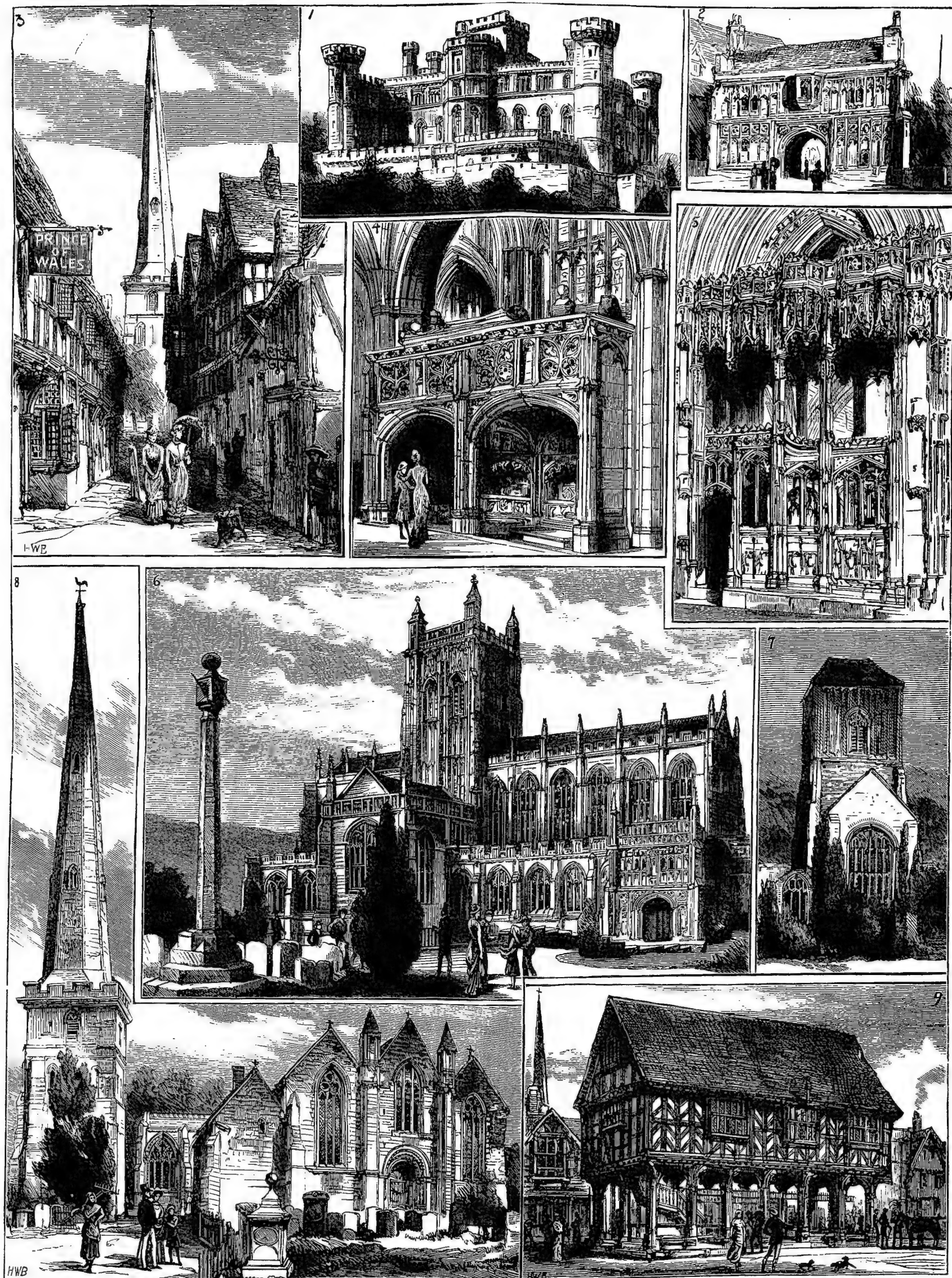




1. Mourning for the Dead Chief.—2. Mrs. Donnelly and Tarekai's First Wife.—3. The Widow's Tent.—4. Inside Runangu House.—5. Chiefs.—6. Mrs. Donnelly's Child.—7 and 8. Native Huts.

SOCIAL LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND





1. Eastnor Castle (Lord Somers).—2. Abbey Gate, Great Malvern.—3. Street at Ledbury.—4. Monument in Malvern Abbey Church.—5. Warwick Chapel, Tewkesbury Abbey.—6. Great Malvern Abbey Church.—7. Little Malvern Priory.—8. Ledbury Church.—9. Market House, Ledbury.

THE CONGRESS OF THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION—SOME OF THE PLACES VISITED



When Madame Boutiton did appear, she explained to him, politely enough, that his agreement it was not by the day but by the week, and his time was not yet up. What did that matter to him? He was willing to pay for the time which wasn't up. And, when he had seen his portmanteau carried down, he did pay, Madame Boutiton concluding from his manner that the servant was not far wrong in declaring Monsieur Shoonies to be a little crazy.

Then he rushed full speed down the stairs, though it was not yet ten o'clock. No breakfast for him. Not only was he not hungry, but he face the other boarders was more than he could do. At the foot he met Miss Cheshire. At sight of her he stood aghast, for in the terror which possessed him she had slipped away entirely from his memory.

"What is the matter? What is wrong? You are not going to leave us?"

And Miss Cheshire laid her hand upon his arm. Her presence, her voice, and her touch acted on him as a charm to wake him from a dream. He stared at her, bewildered. Not only was he flying from his punishment, but from his love as well. He gave a cry of anguish, and shrank from her.

"Agnes, do not touch me!—My God, what have I done?"

What had he done? It was a question she asked as well as he. All she knew was that she loved him, that he seemed to her in trouble, that it was for her to sympathise. She leant forward, laid her hand again upon his arm, and whispered almost in his ear, "George, tell me—What is it?—Do not be afraid! I am here—and—and you have my love. What has happened? Tell me, George—perhaps I can help you; if I cannot, you know I at least can comfort."

"Comfort!—you comfort me!—Do you know that I—"

He did not finish. Some one coming down the stairs from behind laid his hand upon his shoulder, and stopped him. It was Lyne. He was starting for the station, *en route* for Paris. Seeing them together, he suspected that their conversation might be of topics in which he was interested, and did not hesitate to interfere.

"You are what?"—with his easy laugh—"Yes, Miss Cheshire, Mr. Jones and I are both departing, not exactly of our own accord, but because circumstances—seldom kind—drive us away. May I hope that I may be allowed to look forward to the pleasure of meeting Miss Cheshire upon a future day? My own country—"

What Mr. Lyne was to observe of his own country history does not say, for he stopped, as Mr. Jones had done before him, but for a different reason. The hall-door was opened, and three people entered—General Calombert, the doctor, and Monsieur De Slegal. Monsieur De Slegal, perhaps a little pale, but upright as ever, and walking as though nothing inconvenient had happened to him. Mr. Lyne stared, and Mr. Jones stared; it was as though some one had risen from the dead. Seeing their amazement, the doctor put his hand to his side and laughed. Even the General smiled; only De Slegal remained grim as ever. It was like a scene from a comedy.

"May I inquire," said Mr. Lyne, when he had regained the power of speech, "what we may understand from this?"

"This you may understand," replied the doctor, "what you see. Our *cher* Monsieur is not hurt as we were afraid, no doubt he—what you call it?—tripped. Monsieur Shoonies, he cut the skin, but it was the fall, not the wound, hurt Monsieur."

And the doctor waved his hands and laughed again. The end was just as much a joke to him as had been the beginning. Far more of a joke to Jones. Miss Cheshire stared from one to the other, with a total lack of comprehension. What was it about? The boarders had crowded out into the passage, and Madame Boutiton peeped from the landing. It was as good as a raree show, and more mysterious.

The effect of the surprise—joyful surprise we need hardly say—upon Jones was singular. He recognised first that he was free from guilt, and then that he was free to love. And, when he recognised that latter fact, he threw out his arms—in his impulsive fashion—and drew Miss Cheshire—an astonished victim—towards him, kissing her on the eyes, nose, lips, and anywhere.

That was hard upon Miss Cheshire, but good fun for the boarders, who grinned or blushed, were horrified or indignant, as the case might be. Jones did not care either way, and perhaps, having been given due time for consideration, Miss Cheshire did not care much either.

As for ourselves, in Jones's arms we will leave Miss Cheshire, and Jones as well. Madame Boutiton still carries on her boarding-house, Mr. Jones is still alive, and Mrs. Jones. There is a Master Jones, called Jeffrey James, after his godfather, Jeffrey James Lyne, at present residing in New York City. Possibly some day, when he has reached years of discretion, the parental Jones will tell the filial Jones the story of that duel upon the Boulogne Sand Hills, how it came about, and how it ended.

BERNARD HELDMANN

### THE ROCK OF CASHEL

REMNANTS of three abbeys, a round tower, a cathedral, and a stone-roofed chapel, unique in style and perfect in preservation, besides the ruins of a castellated palace of the archbishops and the remains of the vicars' choral house, and all in a village much more insignificant than Llandaff—such is the catalogue of what is to be seen at Cashel, the Irish Luxor, as somebody calls it, a place which the Killarney-bound tourist too often leaves unvisited because it lies off the direct line, and has no scenery to make it written about. Yet perhaps no spot in Europe can show such a wealth of interesting and beautiful ruins as the neighbourhood of "the Golden Valley." Jerpoint is not far off, and Thurles, and Holycross, the mausoleum of the O'Briens, who, but for Henry II.'s interference, would probably have been to all Ireland what the House of Cerdic became to the Heptarchy. But Cashel alone has enough to attract any one who cares for Art or Art history. In the town—a city no longer, since the see (not so long ago one of the four Protestant archbishoprics) was joined to Waterford—amid the mean thatched houses, stand the remains of two abbeys, one (as at Kilkenny) utilised by the Roman Catholics. Under the rock is the Grey Friars, a beautiful and fairly perfect specimen of Irish first-pointed; while on the rock itself stands the famous group of which Sir Walter Scott was good enough to say: "they are such as Ireland may be proud of." Even Thackeray, who pokes fun at Glendalough because (he says) everything, lake, churches, and all, is on such a small scale, could not have found fault with Cashel. Cormac's Chapel is in the purest Irish Romanesque (not Norman, as Lord Dunraven and Miss Stokes and Mr. Freeman have so well pointed out); and the stone roof, like that of St. Douglough's, near Dublin, and others, is far the largest of its kind. The ruined cathedral tells of the bad days of the Irish Establishment. Archbishop Price found the journey up the rock too severe; so he made Divine Service impossible by unroofing the choir, and carrying off the bells, one of which fell and broke through the tower ceiling. It is instructive to contrast the utterly mean cathedral which was built down in the town with the remains of its twelfth century predecessor. Of course one looks for traces of the famous burning made by the Earl of Kildare in 1495 in the hope that the Archbishop might perish in the flames. It is characteristic of Henry VIII. that, when the clergy impeached their dangerous neighbour, summing up with the words: "You see all Ireland cannot rule this gentleman," he should have replied: "Then shall he rule all Ireland." Kildare was forthwith made Lord-Deputy; his candour in confessing that he would never have set fire to the Cathedral had he not thought the Archbishop was in it, no doubt duly weighing with the model king of the physical force

worshippers. Cashel was a bad place for a capital (it is the *caiseal*, fortified enclosure, of the Kings of North Munster). The rock is a striking object amid the rich plain that sweeps away to the "Devil's Bit" mountains, in which you can see the gap, and note how the piece just fits; for the Rock is the very morsel which Satan dropped to crush the growing city. But it has no river, and therefore it has sunk to a big village. It was famous of old, a sort of sanctuary, many of its kings being archbishops as well, after the Scotie fashion; which was to keep the rich Church prizes as much as possible in the clan. Henry II. held a Court there, and received the nominal submission of kings and chiefs. Lord Inchiquin, the time-server, is unsavourily mixed up with it in the Cromwellian Wars.

But its history is of less account than its architectural features. These take us back to the palmy days of Irish Art—not in the far-off mythical past (in which even the sober-minded Mr. Godkin seems disposed to place them), but a century or so before the English invasion, for even of the round towers several do not date so very long before that event. For a brief space Ireland seemed to have recovered from the Danish Wars, as destructive to her as the Thirty Years' War was to Germany. Wars of religion, too, they were; for when Sidric took and plundered Clonmacnoise, his wife sat on the high altar, and thence, as an Alruna prophetess, gave out her behests. The Danes had broken up the egg-shell civilisation of the early Irish, if, indeed, it ever existed, save in the fancy of bards. Their chain mail and steel swords and axes must have made them as unequal a match for the armourless bronze-weaponed Irish as the Spaniards were for the Mexicans. But the Irish had recovered. That typical Celtic hero, so full of weakness amid his strength, Brian Boru, had conquered their stronghold of Limerick and beaten them at Clontarf. The Irish had begun to build cathedrals and to "progress" in culture, when the English came and consigned them for centuries to war and barbarism. One thinks of these things as one stands amid the ruins on the Rock of Cashel; but even apart from such moralising the ruins are well worth study. No one but a Goth would pass them by, when he has been told how rich an artistic feast awaits him on that isolated mass of limestone.

This year, too, is the very year for those to visit Ireland who hate the throng of tourists. One is sure of hotels, alas, too empty. Visitors are scared away by needless fears; and there is extra civility from inn-keepers *et id genus omne* for those who are wise enough to profit by the occasion.

H. S. FAGAN



THE spell of wet weather during the past month led us all to look to our boots and waterproof garments, more especially in preparing for a trip to the North, either of England or Scotland. Before starting northward it is well to provide two pairs of strong, well-cut, high boots, made to order; it is a mistake to have elastic sides, excepting for fine weather, as they shrink at first, and afterwards stretch out of all shape; buttons firmly sewn on with waxed thread, are more to be relied on than any of the patent fasteners which we have tried as yet, and which have failed us in the hour of need. For walking dress occasions the diamond hide patent Oxford shoes are most effective, and are so prepared that they do not draw the feet.

Our readers must by this time be thoroughly tired of the angry discussions on the subject of woollen goods, foreign and British, their respective merits and demerits, with which our daily and weekly papers have been flooded, thanks to the lack of more important matter. All we need say on the subject is that those kindly-disposed ladies who have so warmly taken up the cause of British manufacture have not been content with discussing the subject, but have also ordered, and intend to wear, costumes made from home-spun wool. It remains now with the British manufacturers to bring out new designs and soft materials, worthy to stand upon their own merit.

This is the month, *par excellence*, when tailor-made costumes are most in request for walking, riding, or travelling, in many varieties of cloth and serge appropriate for each individual purpose. For real hard wear, without regard to weather, heather tweed or serge is the most durable, made with kiltings and tight-fitting jackets, the skirts reaching only to the ankles, a plain *toque* hat to match. For more stylish occasions serge costumes are trimmed, back, front, and sleeves, with flat or tubular braid, wide and narrow combined, in handsome scroll patterns. A very striking dress for a hunting party was recently shown to us, made of the finest rifle green cloth very closely kilting from the waist to the hem, over which was a green velvet coat heavily embroidered in dead-gold thread, and trimmed with green and gold buttons, lace ruffles, and frill of old point; a Diana Vernon hat of velvet, and dead gold feathers. Velvet and velveteen are more than ever worn, in fact very few costumes are made for this month without one of these two materials, either as foundations or trimmings. A good chance for the introduction of woollen materials in morning and evening costumes is presented by the continued rage for gatherings on skirts as well as bodices; it is well known that fine woollen fabrics lend themselves more readily than silk, or even satin, to this mode of trimming. We are no longer able to deny that hoop-skirts are steadily coming in again, the close-fitting skirts having reached the extreme limits of decorum are, like the American rubber babies, expanding rapidly; more's the pity. Why cannot the happy medium between thread-papers and balloons be adhered to?

There are a more than usually large amount of wedding orders this month. Everywhere we come across them, and, most encouraging to future husbands of limited means, we find on all sides a determination to wear what will be useful after the eventful day; we need scarcely add where the orthodox ivory satin and Brussels lace would be out of place.—A group of costumes for a wedding, where cost was a grave consideration, consisted of,—for the bride, a dress of very fine Indian muslin, with a series of flounces to just above the knees, six inches wide, finely gathered half way down, the bodice and sleeves to match; the dress just touched the ground, but as a short dress is lacking in dignity for a bride, a long square train was fastened to the shoulders, gathered six inches deep, and edged with lace; a plain tulle veil, not hemmed, was fastened with a small wreath of orange blossom and myrtle. The six bridesmaids were dressed in pairs, coral, pink, sea-green, and starch-blue muslin, made like the bride's dress, but without the train; white clip hats, with long ostrich feathers, fastened with natural flowers, respectively crimson roses, cream-coloured roses, and forget-me-nots. The bride's train was carried by her two little brothers, in ruby velvet and yellow satin costumes of the Charles II. period, which costumes the younger page confidentially informed us "would do for all the Christmas parties."

There is positively no change in the make of costumes for this month, which lies as it were between summer and autumn; and, if weather prophets are to be relied upon, promises to partake more of the former than the latter, which necessitates our taking garments for both seasons when we start upon our round of visits.

Let us for the moment ignore the hoop petticoat, which certainly will come in very soon.

In starting for a holiday our baggage must depend upon our destination. Advice to our readers is: If travelling on the Continent, from place to place, in rapid succession, do not take a single article

more than is necessary for comfort and a good appearance; a well-made travelling suit, together with one stylish costume, &c., in a light strongly-built trunk, will last for a month. If paying a round of visits to country seats a great variety of costumes is often needed, especially where you meet the same guests over and over again. In this case take everything fresh and pretty that your wardrobe contains, even though you may be obliged to fill some half-dozen trunks; when possible have them sent on in advance of you. As your muslin and other perishable dresses lose their freshness, pack them off home, taking care to keep sufficient in reserve. Let your *trousseau* contain a white silk, plain, short, and scanty petticoat, and two or three white muslin dinner dresses, with trimmings that may be removed for the purpose of having the robes washed. Your stock should include a stylishly made black velvet skirt, with a demi-train; with which may be worn a black or coloured velvet or satin fancifully-made coat, trimmed with jet, gimp, and lace, or a pale hued polonaise in silk or cashmere, or a white muslin over-dress, gathered and flounced fantastically,—in fact, as we have said more than once before, there is no end to the variations of which a velvet or velveteen may form the basis.

Those of our readers who may by circumstances be forced to stay quietly at home cannot do better than look over their underclothing and prepare for the coming winter. It is the best economy to have a distinct set of underclothing for winter and summer. Hand-knitted or crochet under-petticoats are very snug and clinging. It is well to make them with cream-white tops, and a deep edging of the colour which the wearer intends to adopt for the season. We have made it a point to inquire amongst our friends as to the merits and demerits of combination garments, and the "Noes" by far exceeded the "Ayes."

By the way, black velvet or velveteen ulsters are coming into fashion, and are not only stylish but very comfortable and useful. For a garden party or *fête* they may be made in fine light-coloured cloth or velvet, and, if tailor-cut, are becoming to good figures; lined with white or silver-grey alpaca these ulsters may be worn even over a ball dress, when it is desirable to avoid a musty fly, or where even that untempting vehicle is not to be had.

This month we have not a word to say nor a novelty to record in hats, bonnets, or mantles; without doubt something novel will come to the fore in October.

Mothers of large families, whose young fry have just returned out at knees and elbows from a lengthened stay at the seaside, will not endorse our opinion as to the fashion, blank in September, or at least as to the lack of work for the moment. The first thing to be looked to is the stocking department; as yet there are sales on where double-knee'd and ankle'd hose are to be had at less than half-price; boots are also below par, and may be secured at an "alarming sacrifice." It is well, therefore, to lay in a sufficient stock for the coming winter, making due allowance for the growing little feet, and on no pretence whatever forcing the little ones to wear what they declare pinches them, thereby laying the foundation of future suffering and ill health. As to the other garments of the young folks, there can be no more durable and suitable material than serge or merino, whether it be for knickerbockers or frocks. Gauging, plaiting, and braiding are used at discretion for boys and girls. For the former, far more healthy than the heavy serge knickerbockers or sailor suits, are the pretty Scotch costumes, in real plaids, for afternoon wear and church parade, or stone or grey heather tweeds, made with kiltings, and stockings below the knee. Many a boy's gait is utterly spoiled by the hot and clumsy nether garments with which he is made "a little man" at three years old. Mothers who wish their boys to grow tall and wiry will do well to watch them waddling about in thick trousers, and change their clumsy attire.

### THROUGH DURHAM

FEW of our counties can show a greater variety of scenery and character and of forms of industry than can Durham. It possesses the richest of our coal-fields; it is a large contributor to the production of lead; it has for ages built many vessels, and it increases its work in this direction. Of iron in some of its forms it stands high amongst the producing districts; it has entered into the steel trade successfully; and in chemicals, glass, and other industries it takes high rank. It gave the first public railway to the world, and the first steam collier to the seas, so that if it has of late been less known in war it has its share of the victories of peace. From the sea to the mountainous regions that shut it in on the west, and from Tees to Tyne, there are very few dull miles in its bounds, and a glance at its varied scenery, industries, and surroundings should be full of interest. In early days it was one of the homes of the Church, and Episcopacy retains still part of its hold on "Durham's Gothic shade." Over the "Bishoprick"—as it was distinctly termed—the Bishops of Durham held almost sovereign sway; and the mines in the west of the county gave them a revenue above that of many a prince, whilst the tenants of vast tracts of land owed fealty to them. But the days when the Bishop was Lord-Lieutenant of the county, when he appointed the High Sheriff, when dues and deadlands belonged to him, and when he had Admiralty jurisdiction, and the Conservancy of Waters—these have passed away, and accompanying that change there has been one of the greatest industrial and material developments that has been known in any of the shires. That development has been sectional, and hence it is that in different parts of the county there is such an immense variety in industry, in appearance, and in scenery. In the west there are the bleak hills and the thinly-peopled valleys; the central part is the scene of coal-mining, iron-making, and coke-burning, whilst slowly broadening down to the east there is a thin strip of pastoral land intervening between coal-fields and harbours and the great populations that surround them.

In the far west of Durham bleakness predominates. It is a land where high hills stretch out bare and cold up from the narrow valleys. On the fell-sides sheep graze by the hundred, and here and there are traces of the lead-mining industry in the mine-mouth machinery, the old-fashioned "buddle," and streams gray with the "hush" from the mine, and the occasional strings of asses and mules that bear lead ore to the distant smelt-mills. In the valleys—thinly peopled—hamlets are scattered, grey old cottages with ruddy tiles alternating with the square solidity of the brick-fronted Methodist chapels—for in the dales Dissent dominates. These little valleys form, too, "a land of streams," though a waterfall such as High Force is infrequent. With these bleak moors, bare hills, and thinly-peopled valleys, sparsely traversed by railways, the West of Durham is little known, and in its quaint old customs lingers amongst a homely people living in their "untrodden ways," subsisting on ancient industries, and rarely leaving the district to which they are warmly attached. Summer flushes the valleys with tenderest green, Autumn tints the moors with the purple and green of heather and fern, and Winter shrouds all in snow, but through these and the sodden Spring there is little change in the lives of the dalesmen of Durham.

Impinging on the lower parts of the dales, there are at times the tokens of the presence of great mining and mineral industries. Close to Barnard Castle, a stately town on the Tees, rejoicing in the beauty of its woods, in the magnificent museum that princely generosity is giving it, and in the classic scenery that Scott described near it—to the north the great coalfield of Durham opens. Interjected between the ancient town of Stanhope and Durham, there is on the Wear the presence of one of the huge ironworks that so markedly stud the county, whilst near to the banks of the Derwent, on the bleak uplands of Consett, there has been gathered a series of industries that have changed the whole appearance of the locality. The moorlands are scored with pit-heads, intersected by lines of



railway, and here and there great stacks of furnaces send forth clouds by day and tongues of fire by night. On the edge of the Derwent and the Wear there are raised huge banks of slag—the outgrowth of two score years' production of iron; the works are fringed with the villages of miners, puddlers, and their kin; and the whole district has felt the impulse which the growth of the great industries of coal and iron has given it. It is not an artistic growth, the villages are often squalid, and usually built in stereotyped and ugly rows, whilst the population is at times rough and impulsive, but there are the tokens of a vast trade, and an immense circulation of money. All day long there is the mingled sound of the thud of the steam hammer, the whistle of the locomotive, the creaking of railway trucks, the hissing of steam engines, and a hundred noises converging into one dull roar, just as over the scene there is spread one huge pall from many a furnace, forge, mill, and mine.

Coming eastward still, we enter into a part of Durham which is still sylvan in aspect, and historic in association. At the south of the county it shows itself on Tees-side near the classic sights around Barnard Castle, it spreads a great park around Raby's "battled towers," just as in the days when Scott was picturing the locality in photographic verse. It passes north-east, through the park of the Bishops at Auckland, and slopes thence to Wynyard, far east; and running up the county, dotted with the black marks that the coal trade gives, it yet spreads over a fair and fertile domain, culminating at "Durham's Gothic shade." There are few of our country towns that can show a fairer sight than can Durham. Seated on its hills, dominated over by castle and cathedral, and swept round by the Wear—now a grey streak, and then hidden in greenest foliage, the grand old city spreads itself up and down, and reaches out its long northern arm in quest of the many mining villages that tend to its support. And still farther north, and nearer the boundary of the county, the park at Lambton comes into view, and the secluded grounds of Ravensworth bring us to the coally county near the Tyne that has been sung of by the poets of Pitland, and that has so materially in the past assisted in the development of the industrial resources of the North, and given birth to many of those who have been leaders in the development.

On this irregularly-sandwiched stretch of country there impinges at the east the mining district of Durham—that from which the largest portion of its coal is drawn—a district that is always irregularly shaped, and which from the inland at its southern base, stretches at the north far under the sea that guards the eastern coast. In that mining portion of the county there are little dells and denes and woods, but it is one in which coal is king. Huge mounds of pit refuse; colliery railways, black and narrow; pit villages stereotyped in one-storeyed ugliness, age, and discomfort—rows of dwellings, unsightly and unsanitary; the occasional ancient hall, doomed to be the residence of a "viewer" in the colliery; the dark pit heap, with its trains of waggons; its rattling screens, its hissing engines, and the revolving of the high-placed winding wheels for the "cage,"—these, with the troops of children playing, of women washing or gossiping at the doorsteads, and of pitmen coming from or going to the pit in their flannel dress—blackened with coal—these are the invariable scenes in Pitland, through the bulk of the week. There are days when the villagers send out the bulk of their population to market or demonstration—when the "caller" makes no journey to the numbered doors of the cottages, and when in the sunshine the unaccustomed miner basks and knows what he loses in his daily work to "warm the shins of London city" as that classic of the northern mine, the "Pitman's Pay," put it long ago.

It is to the coast that all these varying districts in Durham contribute—to its ports they send their coal, to it much of the iron is sent for shipbuilding, and it is the outlet for the produce of the inland districts. Along the coast there are a few small and well-wooded denes, and a few miles of bleak sand dunes, but from Tees to Tyne the great bulk of the coast is commercial. Hundreds of years ago the little port of Hartlepool was known—railways have developed its coal and fish trades, and given to it a neighbour to the west that has in thirty years sprung into vigorous life, and is one of the most populous of South Durham towns. North of this is the little port of Lord Londonderry—Seaham Harbour, close to which is that Golgotha—Seaham Colliery. A few miles brings us to the great coal-shipping port of Sunderland, and then there is a pleasant stretch of shore to Whitburn, where there is one of the most notable of the colliery adventures of the day, and past that place of pleasant picnics, Marsden Rock, we are brought to the glass works, the chemical factories, and the great industries of South Shields and the Tyne. At Stockton, on the southern boundary, at West Hartlepool and Sunderland, and again on the Tyne at Jarrow the iron and shipbuilding industries are planted, and the air is thronged with the sounds of the rolling mills and the clang of the riveters, whilst the fine docks are busy with the continuous steamers that seek cargoes of coal, of iron, and of chemicals, and that bring the produce of the Continent and of the United States. It is the busiest and the briskest part of Durham, and it is that which sends its reflected activity to mine, pit, and factory far inland, whilst its growth is the most continuous and unchecked. And although its trade on all but a limited scale is the outgrowth of the century, it is that which is the most firmly based, and that to which the hopes of the North for the future are looking.

Varied in industry and in aspect, Durham is varied also in its population. East and west there are aboriginal descendants. The fishermen on the coast have long been clannish, and preserve much of their ancient method of life—their dependence on the sea, their hard labour, their frugality, and their olden modes of expression and of superstitious observance. And in the lead-mining dales to the west a people as frugal, as laborious, and as dependent upon a fluctuating industry preserve for generations their isolated independence, walking in the paths their fathers knew, adhering to the old customs, and passionately loving their native dales. In the centre of the county the mineral industries have brought in a new population, recruited from many parts—iron-workers from Wales and Staffordshire, labourers from the Emerald Isle, and miners from many parts of the country. These are slowly welding together as the time passes and obliterates some of the peculiarities of dialect and life that immigration made, and assimilating custom to that of the great stock upon which they have been grafted. That population makes it the first alike of our coal-raising, iron-manufacturing, and ship-building counties, and if the glories of its agriculture have paled a little, it is because the energies of its people have been given to the raising of twenty-six million tons of coal yearly, to the erection of vast establishments for iron manufacture, to the chemical trades, and to the completion of shipyards from Tees to Tyne that are unequalled in extent by any other county in a similar strip of shore. The half-century of railways has changed the face of Durham. It is now covered with a network of lines, except in the mountainous west; its valleys are crossed by great viaducts, its waterfalls are by railways brought near great populations; and in the shade of its abbeys and castles there are cities that have grown in what was the solitude.

When, twelve centuries ago, St. Hilda left Durham, she left a bare, bleak, and cold coast, where a few fishermen lived. The interior was then almost untroubled, and Dane and Norman added to the desolation. But through the after-ages "one unceasing purpose runs," and that purpose in the old Bishopric has been the utilisation of the buried stores that the "kindly earth" has kept in her slumber. It is the victories of peace that Durham shows, and if in her wide domain industry has laid its rude footprints on some of the many spots in the county dear by delightful scenery and olden association, and has soiled them, it has been for the benefit of the

greatest number; and the state of the mine-worked, under-tunnelled, and iron-stained county now may well compare in the prosperity of its populace with the sparse-peopled region of wood and water that Bede looked upon centuries ago from his old home at Jarrow.

J. W. S.



"FOUR CROTCHETS TO A BAR," by the author of the "The Gwillians" (3 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.), is the title of a novel as full of cleverness as it is of faults, which is saying a great deal for its cleverness. It is not, as might be supposed, a musical novel. The "Four Crotchets" are four old maiden sisters so named, and the bar is the gate of a private road. The cleverness of the novel is chiefly shown in its profusion of bright and not seldom witty things, and in its slight but amusing sketches of character. The story is but of little consequence, and the general interest, such as it is, is seriously damaged by overcrowding, and by the continual introduction of new and needless persons. All the characters are exceedingly peculiar, even to the point of caricature, and the humour, though always genuine, is rather rough and coarse, and never very kindly. The best, and least sympathetic, part of the comedy is that which deals with the oddities of the four disagreeable old maids. The author is evidently a good and keen observer, and his sketches are calculated to afford a good deal of ill-natured pleasure to those whose experiences of provincial life have at all run in the same groove. With rather more good nature in his wit, and with less trivial objects for its excuse, the novel would have been a great deal better than merely clever. As it is, the effect is that of a keen entomologist sticking very small as well as very ugly insects with a very sharp pin. The occupation, however cleverly it may be managed, cannot possibly strike an outsider as worth the pains: and it grows a little monotonous by the time the operation has been performed three or four times.

An author who writes for small boys ought to remember that he undertakes certain responsibilities towards the grammar of the rising generation. No young lady's first love-story ever teemed with worse outrages upon language generally and upon the English language in particular than Captain Mayne Reid's "The Free Lances: A Romance of the Mexican Valley" (3 vols.: Remington and Co.) has to answer for. As badly written a book we have seldom met, and a worse written one never: which, considering the condition of style among novelists, means a great deal. The mere grammar is so atrociously bad as to be much more wonderful than the adventures which it is employed to describe. As this can scarcely arise from ignorance or inexperience in writing, it can only be due to slovenly haste on Captain Reid's part amounting to an insult towards his readers, young or old. Scarcely less slovenliness is shown in the construction of a romance that has all the air and pretence of being written for grown-up readers while it is altogether too childish for children. Almost any little boy, with a turn for scribbling, could turn out a story fuller of interest as well as of grammar. The scene is laid in Mexico during the rule of Santa Anna, and describes the usual perils of the usual people without making us feel that anything is real about them except the fatality that hangs over their verbs and pronouns. Adventurous romances for boys are neither so very new, in general, so dull that their number needs to be increased at random by careless book-makers.

"Surrender," a novel, by Leslie Keith (2 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), is a work of no sort of importance, but is brightly written and fairly amusing. The story is the very old one of how a girl mistakes her own heart by imagining that she does not love a man whom she loves in reality, and how she finds it out either almost or quite too late—almost too late, happily, in the case of "Surrender." The best point in the story consists in its contrasted studies, or rather sketches, of girls whose circumstances are alike but whose natures differ. The two sisters, Bab and Freda—of whom, by the way, neither is the heroine of the tale—are very well drawn, and their little peculiarities of thought and manner rendered with lively humour, while there is a touch of real pathos in the end of the elderly Miss Cameron's fancied love story. Altogether the novel is a pleasant one, and, while its merits are not great, its defects are singularly few.

It was scarcely worth Mr. Matthew Seton's while to publish "The Net with the Golden Meshes" (1 vol.: Remington and Co.). It is apparently an attempt to write down his recollections of all he has ever read about the wickedness of Bank directors who plunder the public under cover of sanctimonious respectability. We are told that one Mr. Marcus M'Rory, a director of the Meikleglassie Bank, was a very vulgar, ostentatious, and hypocritical swindler, with the highest character for piety and honesty, and that his downfall and exposure ruined a great many people of whom we know nothing. This statement, and the description of his daughter's wedding festivities, with a list of the people who attended them, make up the whole of the volume, with the exception of a chapter or two given to an immaterial episode. No special merits interfere with the only possible criticism to which the novel lays itself open—that we knew all this before. Mr. Seton aims at being witty, as well as sternly severe, but with as little point or freshness in the one direction as in the other.



THE SEASON.—Through many showers and much changeable weather we have at last struggled once more into sunshine, and farmers have been busy in the fields. Sprouted corn cannot be cured, but in many cases the rain has injured the wheat less seriously than had been anticipated. We no longer look for an abundance of bright barleys, making 1881 what Mr. Mechi used to call a "pale ale" year, but we still may anticipate an average bulk of barley generally, and fair to fine quality in the North. The root crops should be a fine yield, and potato liftings prove almost universally satisfactory. During the bad weather period there were severe thunderstorms in different parts of the country, though in the metropolis there was very little electrical disturbance. From Oxford westward the rainfall on the 25th ult. was extremely heavy, over an inch being generally registered. Plums suffered a good deal from the heavy rain, as also did the flower-garden.

WET ENGLAND AND DRY ENGLAND.—The account of the average rainfall during ten years is suggestive. If a straight line were drawn from the Isle of Wight in the south to Dunnet Head in the north, it would divide the country into two zones, the wet and the dry. The Home Counties are the driest. At Bedford 18 inches is the average; at Hunstanton, in Norfolk, 19½ inches. Beyond the boundary line on the west the minimum fall is only a little less than double these amounts, and the maximum is over 154 inches in a noted wet spot in Cumberland—Seathwaite. On the east coast of England 30 inches are rarely recorded. The meteorological records, reliable as they are in the main, show us that it is a popular error to suppose that scientists are infallible. At Tavistock there are two stations,

and the same is the case at Bolton. In each of these places there is between 8 and 10 inches difference between the rainfall recorded at the station in the same town! Weather is sometimes very local, but this seems a little too much.

FARMERS' IMPROVEMENTS.—Where a farmer makes improvements on a farm, and thereby increases its value, it is manifestly inequitable that he should have his rent raised in the proportion of the improvements which he himself has made. Against such rare though possible acts of injustice, Mr. J. Howard, M.P., recommends that there should be given to tenants the power of appeal to a local tribunal such as the present Assessment Commission.

LABOURERS IN HARVEST.—Writing from Great Bentley, Essex, Captain Deef says there is no longer any reason why extra wages should be paid to labourers at harvest time as in the old period of sickle work and fourteen to sixteen hours' labour under a hot sun. Captain Deef dwells very particularly on the evil of giving large quantities of beer, a protest all the more weighty as it comes from a writer in no way connected with the total abstinence movement. "The employer of labour," says Captain Deef, "should surely give the tone to the harvest field and not the labourer, yet as harvest approaches the labourer becomes master of the position." These remarks are the more significant to us, as we know Captain Deef to be in politics an open Radical of the most advanced school.

THE EAST CUMBERLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have just held their annual Show. The attendance was poor, and the number of entries disappointing. There were, however, some fine harness and saddle horses, also some excellent shorthorn bulls, and a good exhibit of Galloways. There was a small but good show of sheep. The butter shown was of uncommon excellence. The jumping contests occurred in a drenching rain, yet all the horses entered performed well. The veteran grey, Lady Armstrong, cleared all the fences so perfectly, and with such spirit, that the judges unanimously awarded her the first prize. At the Show luncheon the High Sheriff of Cumberland said he believed good stock were cheapest, that those who gave two or three pounds more for a good animal would be best paid in the end.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.—The Allandale Show just held was well attended. The principal prize winners were Mr. T. Lambert of Ebrington Hall, and Mr. G. Little of Burnfoot.—At the Irton Tenant Farmers' Show Mr. Hawell of Lonsdale exhibited a number of very fine Herdwick sheep.

LAMB SALES.—The great Cumberland lamb sales just completed have been marked by brisk business and satisfactory prices. The agricultural returns have shown a diminution in flocks so serious that holders all over England have been inspired with increased confidence. At Hetherington's Sale, Carlisle, 2,014 lambs were sold at from 18s. to 32s. At Harrison's nearly 10,000 changed hands. Half-bred lambs made 18s. to 29s. Cleughside lambs were in especial demand.

CATTLE.—The Hon. Wilbraham Egerton, M.P., has purchased seven in-calf heifers of the Edenhall Shorthorn herd with which to commence a herd of his own at Tatton Park.—A heifer accidentally strayed on the Cumberland Fells, and got into a hut upon it. The door in some way must have shut, so that the poor animal was imprisoned without food or water for twenty-three days. Strange to say, it is now recovering.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.—About seventy of the Countess of Chesterfield's cattle at Bretby have been suffering from this disease. They have been drenched with Burton ale and gruel, and the Countess has not lost one—in fact, they are all in a fair way to recover.

DEVONSHIRE.—The Director-General of the Ordnance Survey wishes to say that the boundaries of this county having been ascertained, the sketch maps will be open for inspection at the Town Hall, Tavistock, on the 22nd and 23rd of this month.

SUSSEX.—Those who care to read about their native county may so easily miss an article in a daily paper, and especially in an evening paper, that we may here note, for the benefit of Sussex readers, that the *St. James's Gazette* of Saturday last contains an interesting description of that county's individual position among the English shires.

SOMERSETSHIRE.—The Vacation Judge has had before him a curious case in the action of *Hussey v. White*. The dispute bristles with matters of county custom and so forth, and we think that Somerset men should not miss reading it.

WITHERED FLOWERS.—How many flowers brought by hand, or sent by post, arrive shrivelled and withered for want of some simple plan to retain their moisture! Wet blotting paper is handy and effectual, wet moss is still better, while an outer wrapping of oiled paper or lead paper virtually assures the freshness of the flowers enclosed. Those who live in the country and send flowers to their town-prisoned friends would add much to their kindness in simply bearing in mind these little facts.

THE FLAME TREE.—At Glasnevin this beautiful bush is now in full bloom. Each plume is most fairy-like and delicate, rosy in front, shading to yellow behind, and perfectly charming in its garniture of cloud-like spray. The bush, as a whole, with its glow of rose-colour is a most lovely sight.

PASSION FLOWERS.—There is no flower more interesting than the passion flower. Of the so-called hardy sorts, *P. carulea* is the best. It makes a fine climber for a house front where the aspect is any point from west to south. It is best planted in a sunken box, drained, and filled with light rich compost of loam, leaves, cow manure, and sand. Thus planted, it nearly always thrives. Even in bleak districts a sheltering mat and straw in winter will suffice to keep the frost off.

MIGNONETTE should now be sown. It grows best in loam and leaf mould mixed, while a little mortar rubbish and some bone dust give aid. The mignonette should be placed under glass till the plants are up.

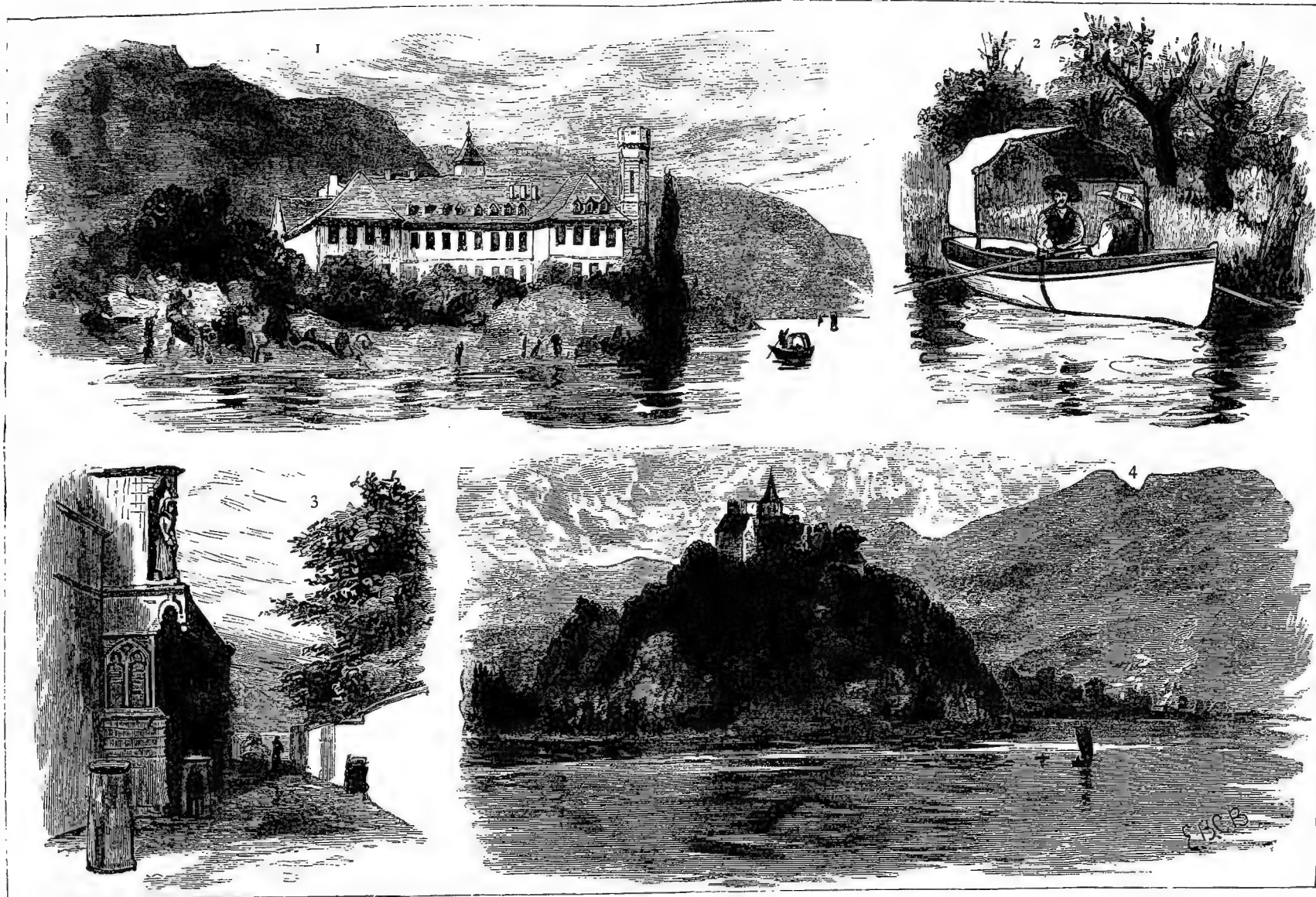
LILIES.—Those who love these flowers can secure good late blooming varieties to gladden August as well as July. *Lilium Carolinianum* is a medium, and *Lilium superbum* a very late variety. Both are very handsome.

THE NORTH AMERICAN BRAMBLE deserves attention at the hands of those who like a wild garden. A recent visit to Warwick Castle showed it to be flourishing there. Its large rosy-purple flowers and massive vine-like foliage single it out among many other plants. It is a plant that is of hardy growth, that takes care of itself, yet does not soon supplant weaker subjects or over-run the garden.

HEATHER.—Those who improve or add to the varieties of our hardy native plants are doing good work for the garden. A most interesting series of varieties of the common heather show how a plant generally uniform in its aspect and stature throughout the country varies, and how easily its more valuable forms may be secured for gardens. These beautiful heaths should never, as is so frequently done, be used as edgings to beds of tall shrubs. They should be planted in open spots, where free growth can be made. A carpet of heath under trees is very delightful, yet how seldom do we meet with it.

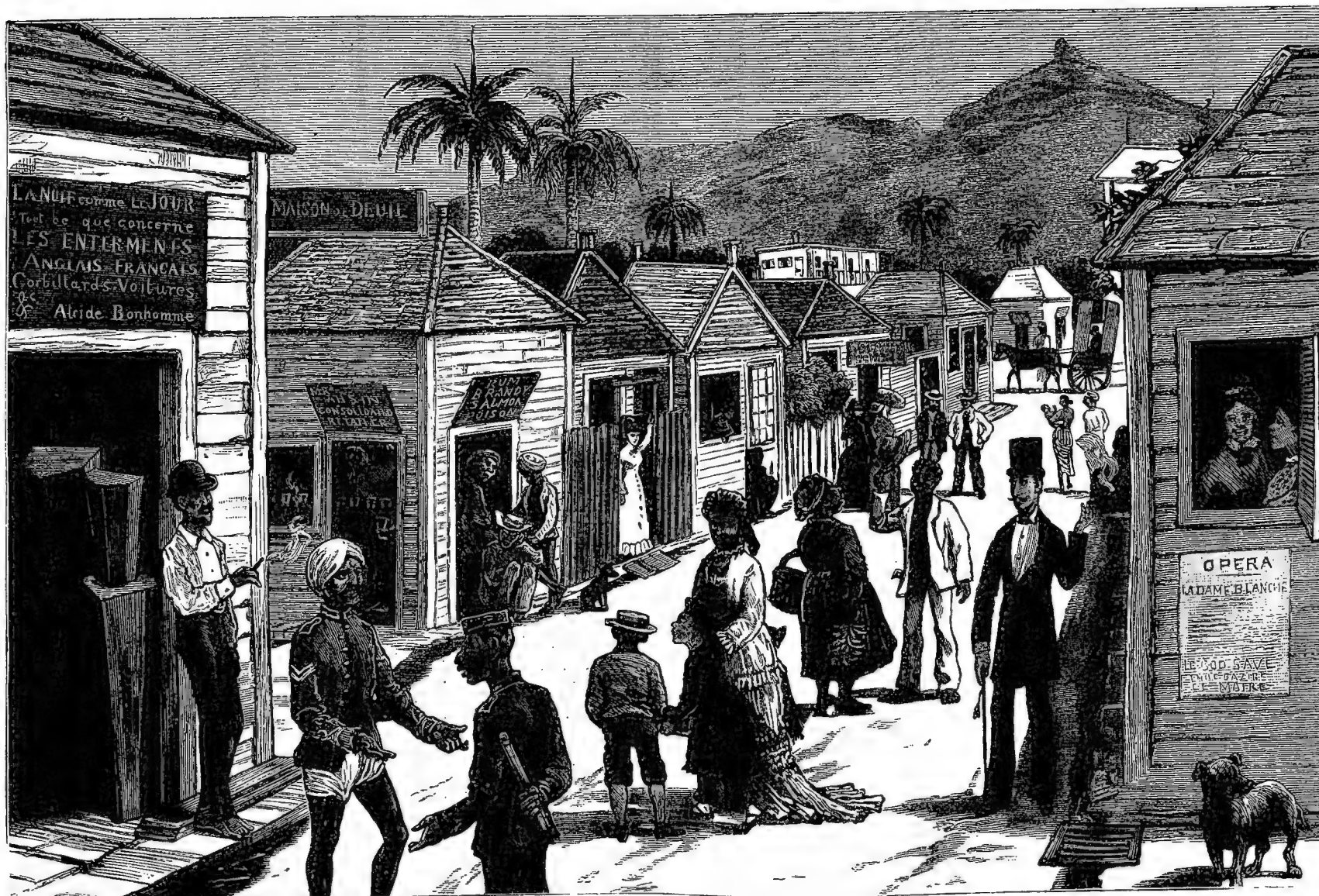
MISCELLANEOUS.—A meeting of 400 Aberdeenshire tenant farmers has recently been held at Insch, to consider the prevailing agricultural depression.—Wisbey Slack and Low Moor, two commons in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and over 400 acres in area, are about to be enclosed.—Mr. Luttrell, the popular owner of Dunster Castle, West Somerset, will take an early opportunity of contesting his county in the Liberal interest.





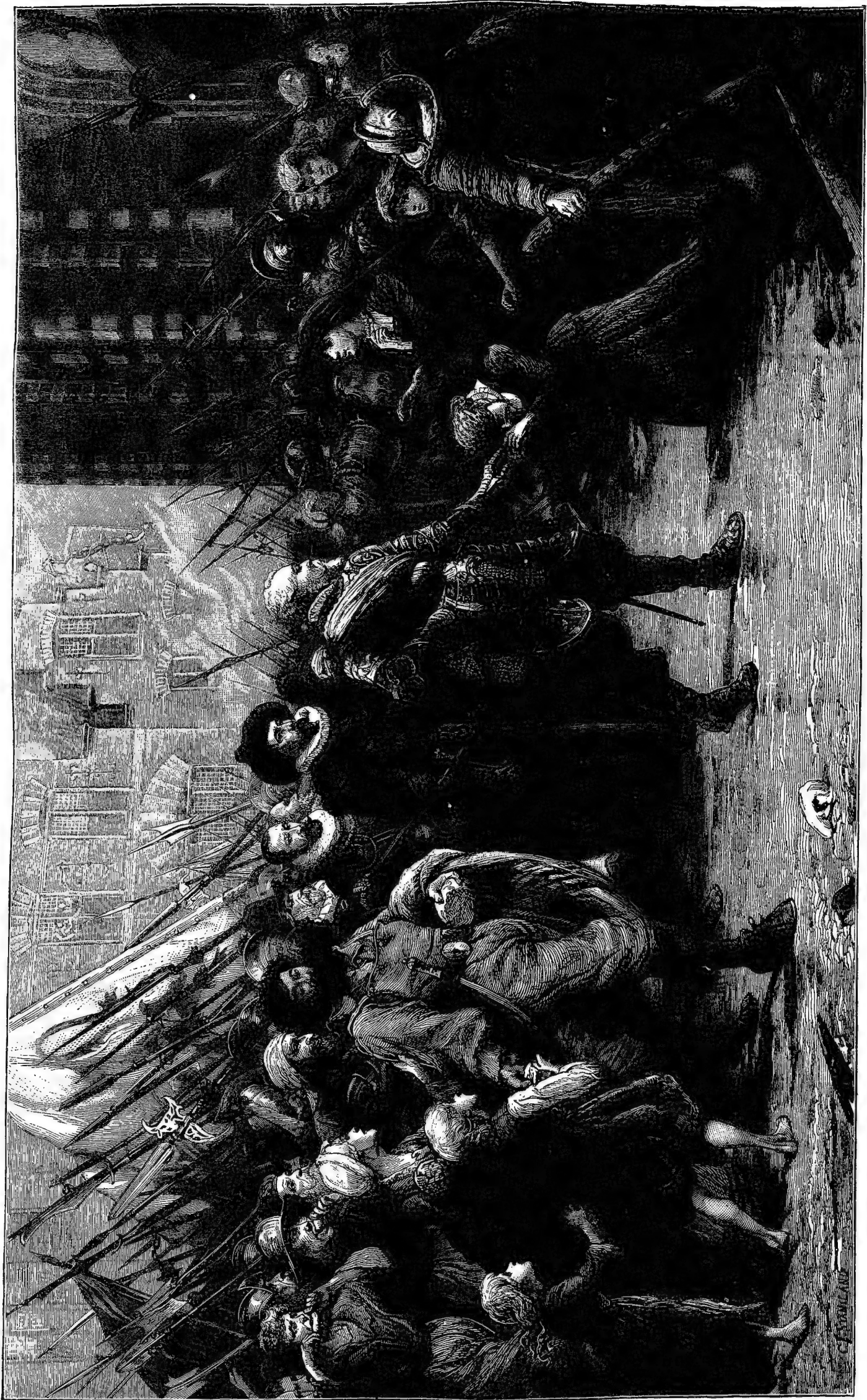
1. Haute Combe Abbey.—2. Boatmen Waiting for a Fare.—3. Entrance to Haute Combe Abbey.—4. Chatillon Castle.

THE AUTUMN BATHING SEASON IN FRANCE—SKETCHES FROM THE LAKE OF BOURGET, AIX-LES-BAINS



A STREET IN PORT LOUIS, MAURITIUS





"THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN, 1574"  
FROM THE PICTURE BY C. J. STANILAND, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

"Leyden was relieved. The Admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zeelanders, emaciated burgler-guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children—nearly every living person within the walls, all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way."  
*The Rise of the Dutch Republic.*—MOTLEY.



### THE ROYAL REVIEW OF SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS AT EDINBURGH

THE great event so long looked forward to by all Scotland took place on Thursday, last week, and although the terribly wet weather did much to mar the affect of the display and the comfort of both volunteers and spectators, the gathering must yet be pronounced an unquestionable and magnificent success. No fewer than 40,674 citizen soldiers answered the call that had been made upon them, and of this number 36,110 were Scotch Volunteers, the rest coming from the English border counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, and Durham. Only five of the Scottish regiments were unrepresented, namely, the far-distant Orkney Artillery Brigade, the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Aberdeenshire Rifles, and the Banffshire Rifles, whose absence was due to the season of the year, the men being unable to leave their fishing and harvesting work.

The morning broke brightly enough after the almost incessant rain of the previous day and night, and the gaily decorated streets of Edinburgh were at a very early hour alive with people making their way on foot and in every imaginable species of vehicle to the hills around the parade ground in order to secure the best places from which a view of the spectacle could be obtained.

The volunteers began to pour into the city soon after five o'clock, and by mid-day the last battalion coming by train had been safely landed. The railway arrangements were admirable, the special trains conveying the troops from various parts of the country ran into the five different stations which had been set apart for their use, the Haymarket, Morrison Street, and Murray Field Stations on the west side of the city, and those of Leith Walk and Duddingfield on the south and east. The majority of the volunteers came by rail; some of the trains from the north being decorated with thistles and heather, but two corps from Fifeshire, one from Ross, and one from Elgin landed from steamers at Granton, the Fifeshire men marching up to Edinburgh, while the other corps were conveyed by train. Some of the corps had been travelling all night, but the men were all in excellent trim and spirits, and the detraining process was effected at all the stations without a single hitch or difficulty as fast as the trains arrived; the men leaving the carriages and forming up at once for the march to the respective rendezvous where they had to await the order to proceed to the parade ground for inspection by Her Majesty. The London Scottish (7th Middlesex), some 300 strong, detrained at the Leith Road Station just before eight o'clock, and were vociferously cheered by a crowd of admiring compatriots who had assembled to welcome this crack London corps. They had their own pipers and band, and marched off to their rendezvous in the Park, where later in the day they attracted a good deal of attention, each man having adorned himself with a sprig of heather. Some of the corps which had travelled the longest distances were allowed to halt on the way to their respective rendezvous at Free College Buildings, Stewart's Hospital, Heriot's Hospital, the Corn Exchange, and other places, where comfortable breakfasts had been provided for them, whilst those who had been less fortunate had to do the best they could for themselves on the field, where camp fires were improvised, and rations served out in regular military fashion. As each corps arrived on the ground, arms were piled and the men allowed a certain amount of freedom, and during the early part of the day the different corps mingled with each other in a way which produced a picturesque effect by the variety of their respective uniforms. Meanwhile the great crowd of spectators on Arthur's Seat, the slopes of Salisbury Crags, and the two other eminences, the Whinney Hill and the Haggis Knowe, which overlook the parade ground, grew rapidly greater, until at last the entire green heights were hidden by a mass of sombre-hued garments, only relieved here and there by a spot of white which, on inspection through a glass, turned out to be a white mackintosh coat. When a little later the rain began to fall, and umbrellas were put up, the crowd, beheld from a distance, resembled nothing in the world so much as a field of huge toadstools. At half-past one the troops began to march from their rendezvous to the positions assigned to them on the parade ground, which was marked off by barricades, and guarded by military and police. By three o'clock the whole force was drawn up ready for inspection, and punctually at a quarter to four the Queen left Holyrood in an open carriage, and immediately afterwards enthusiastic cheers from the spectators proclaimed the fact that she had appeared in the park. In the first carriage were the Queen, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and the Princess Beatrice. In the second carriage were Mr. Childers and some of Her Majesty's ladies. Among the mounted suite were the Duke of Edinburgh (in the uniform of the Edinburgh Militia Artillery, of which he is the Honorary Colonel), the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, Sir Garnet Wolseley, Sir Charles Ellie, Lord Bridport, and Sir John McNeill. Escorted by a party of the 21st Hussars, Her Majesty, after inspecting the brigade of Volunteer Cavalry drawn up in front of the palace, proceeded to the left of the line of quarter columns, and drove thence along the lines, receiving a salute from each brigade as she passed, ending at the saluting point, above which waved the Royal standard of Scotland, and immediately behind which was the grand stand, with its 5,000 fortunate occupants. At this point were drawn up the Royal Company of Scottish Archers, an aristocratic corps, composed exclusively of noblemen and gentlemen, whose privilege it is to act as a Queen's Body Guard whenever Her Majesty appears in public in Scotland. They mustered 140 strong, and were under the command of their Lieutenant-General, the Duke of Abercorn, while in the ranks were to be seen the Earls of Rosebery, Elgin, and Dalkeith, Lord Reay, and several other noblemen. Their appearance was very picturesque and archæological, with their quaint, ancient-fashioned uniform, their Roman swords and their long bows, with three arrows stuck in their belts. The cheers from the spectators on the hill were vociferous, and the waving of hundreds of white handkerchiefs among the dark umbrellas produced a curious effect.

The march past, which lasted exactly one hour and a quarter, was performed in a heavy downfall of rain, and within ten minutes the space before the saluting point was literally a slough of mud. Nothing daunted, however, the Volunteers stuck pluckily to their work, and went by, if not with quite the same precision and nicety of step and time as did their English brethren at the recent Windsor Review, yet with a commendable steadiness, determination, and cheerfulness which spoke eloquently for their training as well as for their loyalty, and left little to be desired from a military point of view. One thing, however, seems to have been the subject of general comment, viz., the almost complete absence of great coats, and the great lack of uniformity in the matter of water-bottles and haversacks, all of which are absolutely necessary for even a short campaign in the field. The relentless storm of rain had the effect of driving away the greater number of spectators long before the march past was completed, and as soon as it was over the Royal party drove away towards Holyrood, amid the cheers of the comparatively few spectators.

The hardships endured by the Volunteers did not end with the march past. There was the journey back from the field; and even the few lucky regiments which were provided with shelter in Edinburgh had nothing dry to put on at their rough and ready lodgings. Most of them, however, left Edinburgh at once, and the work of getting them into the trains was for the most part carried through with the same expedition and orderliness which had marked the detraining twelve hours before, and it is gratifying to read of the uniform discipline and good temper exhibited by the men under circumstances of a severely trying character. The London Scottish on its arrival at King's Cross at 7 A.M. next morning is said to have presented a really

pitiable sight, so damp, muddy, and weary-looking was every officer and man in the detachment. The Duke of Cambridge is said to have exclaimed when coming from the review, "This is as hard as active service."

On the Thursday evening the Queen caused Major-General Macdonald to telegraph, in her name, to all the officers commanding corps which had taken part in the review, congratulating each corps, and expressing her great satisfaction with the bearing and conduct of the troops, and her wish to hear of their safe return.

On the Friday H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, the Commander-in-Chief, issued a General Order, dated Edinburgh Castle, saying that—"Although unhappily marred by continuous rain, the spectacle presented to Her Majesty was an admirable sequel to the great review recently held at Windsor, and the Queen has observed with much gratification that the same soldierlike bearing, progress in discipline, and uniform good conduct which distinguished the volunteers there assembled, were conspicuous in a like degree on the present occasion. The review, and the unavoidable discomfort attending the return of the troops to their homes, necessarily without change of clothing, and after many hours of fatiguing delay, furnished a trial of endurance and discipline rarely called for, and Her Majesty, while deploring the cause, has learned with satisfaction that the conduct of her volunteers has been all that could be desired. The Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief has been commanded by the Queen to express to the volunteers of all ranks her entire satisfaction with the appearance of the troops assembled, and His Royal Highness, in communicating Her Majesty's commands to the forces, desires, on his own part, to convey his thanks to Major-General Alastair Macdonald, on whom devolved the duty of organising the review and of commanding the force, as well as to the army corps, divisional brigade, and medical staffs, through whose exertions this successful gathering of corps scattered throughout the kingdom into one united force has been most successfully accomplished."

The ambulance arrangements of the Army Hospital Corps were of a very complete description, and were carefully carried out from the beginning to the end of the day, commencing with the arrivals at the railway station in the morning, and ending with the departures at the same places at night. Both on the parade ground and at the places of rendezvous, tent hospitals were put up and equipped with a full staff and material. The casualty roll, however, was fortunately very light. About 180 men were taken ill on the field, but after being attended to were able to rejoin their regiments, and proceed home. Seven cases of a more serious nature were taken to the Infirmary, but three of these were discharged next day. Several accidents to civilians also occurred, and were treated both at the military field hospitals and the Infirmary. A labouring man was found dead in the park on the Friday, and is supposed to have missed his way in the darkness, and fallen over the cliff.

One fatal accident among the Volunteers is reported. A man of the 8th Lanark, falling over a rail before the march past, injured himself severely, and soon afterwards died. One officer and several men were in a dangerous state from exhaustion, and from Fairlie comes the news that a man, named Malcolm, belonging to the Largs Volunteers, had died suddenly on the platform there while on his journey home. Very few cases of drunkenness among the Volunteers are said to have occurred.

In the evening, notwithstanding the continued rain, the streets of the city were crowded with people. In Princes Street and North Bridge a successful trial of the electric light was made, while the display of fireworks from Salisbury Crags, overlooking Holyrood Palace, the Calton Hill, and the Castle Rock, was of an exceedingly brilliant character, those on Salisbury Crags producing a most weird appearance as they brought out the proportions of the hill in the darkness. Immense crowds of people were in the park and neighbourhood.

On the Friday the city continued *en fête*, the street decorations remaining for the most part untouched. At noon, the weather being fair, Her Majesty, the Princess Beatrice, and the Duke of Connaught drove in an open carriage to the Castle, where they were received by Colonel L. Macpherson, who conducted them through the ancient rooms, pointing out the various objects of historic interest. Returning to Holyrood Her Majesty held a Privy Council, at which Lord Rosebery kissed hands on his appointment as Under Secretary for Home Affairs; and after which the honour of Knighthood was conferred upon ex-Lord Provost Collins of Glasgow; the Queen having on the previous day conferred the same honour on the Right Hon. S. J. Boyd, Lord Provost of Edinburgh.

### THE SESSION OF 1881

FOR the first week in this year Parliament is not either actually sitting or taking a brief holiday previous to continuing its labours. Opening in the first week in January, the Session closed in the fourth week in August, and, characteristically, on the very last day of the week. To the very end there were marching and countermarching, attacks and repulses. On the day before the prorogation Lord Salisbury, hastening over from his holiday quarters near Dieppe, raised the standard of battle in the House of Lords. Fifty peers answered the whip suddenly sent out, and there was repeated in little the conflict with the other House that a fortnight earlier aroused a profound sensation throughout the country, and threatened a constitutional crisis.

A Parliament having this predisposition to work, and always ready to show itself unmindful of personal convenience, may reasonably be expected to have a great show of work accomplished at the end of so long a Session. That much was expected from it on the threshold of the year appears from reference to the Queen's Speech, where we find the announcement that "the labours of the Session will be more than usually arduous." That Ireland was to be the scene of the principal enterprises was intimated from the fact that the two principal Bills mentioned in the Speech were a Land Bill and a Coercion Bill. A County Government Bill was also promised to Ireland, whilst for the rest of the Empire there was a Bankruptcy Bill, a Rivers Conservancy Bill, a Scotch Education Bill, the Alkali Works Bill, and two measures dealing with Parliamentary Election, one renewing the Ballot Act and the other grappling with the Corrupt Practices brought to light by the Election Commissioners. Of this programme all that has been carried out has been the passing of the two great Irish measures, the Alkali Works Bill standing in full payment of the debts due to the remaining portions of the Empire.

Private members have not had much chance of making their voices heard, much less of carrying forward those legislative reforms which several of them are known to have at heart. Nevertheless private enterprise has enriched the Statute Book with two measures of great practical value. It was only in the last moments of the Session that the Welsh Sunday Closing Bill and the Newspaper Libels Bill crawled through. At one time their chances seemed hopeless, and with respect to the Newspaper Bill it was merely the accident of the absence of some of Lord Redesdale's friends that prevented its being thrown out in the House of Lords. Mr. Warton in one House, and Lord Redesdale in the other, had determined to prevent the Bill becoming law. Mr. Warton did his best, and succeeded in keeping the measure back till it seemed too late for the Lords to proceed with it. But by an accidental concurrence of events this very pertinacity saved the Bill. Had the measure gone up a few days earlier there were in town sufficient peers of Lord Redesdale's mind either to destroy it by amendments or to throw it out altogether. But by holding the Bill back a few days longer in

the Commons Mr. Warton gave opportunity for noble lords to disperse, and the Bill reached the Upper House at a time when only Ministerial Peers were in attendance, and Lord Redesdale was powerless to do more than protest, which he did with great diligence at successive stages of the Bill.

But the record of the Session of 1881 is not to be found in a list of Acts added to the Statute Book. It is said that the Land Act is of itself sufficient to account for the Session. This is true in existing circumstances in the House of Commons. But the difference in these is indicated by the fact that the Session that saw the Land Act of 1870 passed, also saw the Education Act and the Ballot Act become law, and this with a Session shorter by six weeks. The principal feature of the Session just closed has been the constant succession of dramatic episodes and startling *dénouements*. A few years ago we used to cherish as an event of great import and precious rarity the appearance in the middle of the floor of an hon. member standing on one leg and shaking his fist at the Prime Minister. When Mr. Plimsoll returns to the House he will find that that sort of thing is a mere trifle, an incident that would be passed over almost without remark. We have greatly improved since then, and the House is now capable of expelling twenty-eight members at a single sitting, and on a Wednesday afternoon disposing of another member by hustling him out of the lobby and dragging him down stairs, to deliver him in Palace Yard panting, and his coat torn, and his stylographic pen broken.

The real heroes of the Session of 1881 are Mr. Bradlaugh and the Irish members. The weakness or the too sanguine nature of the Government which, last year, refrained from settling the Bradlaugh business by an Act of Parliament found its Nemesis early this year. The Session had scarcely opened when Mr. Bradlaugh appeared at the table, and demanded permission to make affirmation. This was refused, and thereafter, at intervals during the Session, with a long one graciously granted pending the passage of the Land Bill, Mr. Bradlaugh was constantly presenting himself at the Bar, making dashes at the table, and being marched back in custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms. The great *tour de force*, when he was projected into Palace Yard, in the condition already described, was appropriately reserved for the end of the Session. That was the last visit of the hon. member for Northampton. But it is not the last the present Parliament will hear of. He will come back again with the flowers in spring, and the beginning of next Session will be marred and wasted by a repetition of the scenes that have made memorable the Session just closed.

The Irish members have proved harder to deal with than Mr. Bradlaugh. There are, of course, more of them, and much individuality of character has been displayed in working out the common cause of Obstruction. Mr. Parnell has been less *en évidence* this Session than in former years. He has been content to sit in the background and watch the playful proceedings of his lieutenants. In these circumstances Mr. Healy and Mr. T. P. O'Connor have come to the front, though the former, being of the two much cleverer and less hopelessly vulgar, has outstripped his competitor. Mr. Healy, with all his faults of manner, has succeeded in impressing the House with the conviction that he knows what he is talking about. Mr. T. P. O'Connor is as ignorant as he is ill-bred, and has earned the distinction, not undesirable from his point of view, of being absolutely the member of the Irish party whom the House of Commons is least disposed to hear. Mr. Biggar, perhaps unconsciously, imitating the tactics of his commander, has also temporarily retired into the background. By comparison with some who have shared a large place in the Parliamentary reports in the Irish papers Mr. Biggar is a veteran. He has earned his reputation, and can afford to stand on one side, to give younger men a chance. His remarkable reticence during the debate on the Irish Land Bill gave rise to the conjecture that he said nothing on the subject because he knew nothing. That, however, is not a consideration which unduly weighs with an Irish member.

The laurels of the Session have been exclusively gathered for Mr. Gladstone. Sir Stafford Northcote has played but an unimportant part in the history of the Session. His authority has been questioned by several sections of his following, and his principal struggles have been with those of his own household. Mr. Gladstone, on the contrary, has reigned supreme, and not the least remarkable phenomenon in the Session is that at the end of eight months the Liberal Party is absolutely free from "caves" or splits.

### THE CONGRESS OF THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION—SOME OF THE PLACES VISITED

THE Archæological Association of Great Britain this year held its thirty-seventh annual meeting at Great Malvern, and excursions were made to various places of interest in the neighbourhood. A more fertile field for investigation could scarcely be chosen than this part of Worcestershire and the portions of Herefordshire and Gloucestershire adjoining. Objects of interest of every date abound in the churches, abbeys, towns, and old houses, and pre-historic remains, or those of which the date can only be conjectured, are to be met with in the form of ancient encampments, "barrows," earthworks, &c. Unfortunately the weather was about as unfavourable as it could possibly be for such expeditions. This is greatly to be regretted, as the Great Camp on the Herefordshire Beacon, which is supposed to be an Ancient British work, is of great interest, and it has been suggested that it and its neighbourhood may have been the scene of the nine years' war between Caractacus and the Romans.

The magnificent Abbey Church at Great Malvern was the first object which naturally attracted the members of the Archæological Association. Dugdale, in his "Monasticon," says that the Priory of Malvern was a "cell" to the Abbey of Westminster, in other words, it was subject to the latter religious house, and originated in a small chapel dedicated to St. John the Baptist, which was erected upon the spot where St. Werstan (Werstauns) suffered martyrdom. A certain Aldwine, a hermit, with his companions "began to build the house of Malvern in the eighteenth year of the reign of William the Conqueror." Whether the Norman arches now remaining in the nave of the Priory Church are of this date may be doubted. The whole of the church, with the exception of these twelve arches, was rebuilt much as we now see it in 1450, or thereabouts. A very remarkable feature about the interior is a semi-circular space enclosed by a low retaining wall immediately east of the altar screen. It looks very much as if this was the foundation of the old Norman apse, and the space enclosed by it and the altar screen may have been the site of the martyrdom and shrine of the Saint. This singular wall is covered with encaustic tiles, a form of wall decoration very uncommon in ancient English churches. To the left of the choir is the curious shrine or loft, built over two monuments which appear to be of an earlier date, represented in our illustration. It is difficult to say what purpose this structure served, probably it was a chantry chapel. The stained glass in Malvern Church is superb; it fills fourteen or fifteen windows, and seems for the greater part to be coeval with the rebuilding in the fifteenth century; some of it is, however, earlier, and may have been removed from the former church. The only remains of Great Malvern Priory is the pretty gateway to the west of the church. At Little Malvern is another priory, and singularly enough the church is like a small edition of that of Great Malvern. It was originally a cruciform building, but the choir and central tower alone remain.

Eastnor Castle, the residence of Earl Somers, who has taken a great interest in this Congress, is beautifully situated, and the approach by the "Ridgway," bordered with fine trees, is very striking. The Castle itself is a modern building, and its chief



interest is derived from its situation and the fine collection of pictures and other works of Art which it contains.

The charming little town of Ledbury, about eight miles from Malvern, abounds in objects of antiquarian interest. Few English towns have retained such a thoroughly mediæval aspect. A vast noble church, a half-timbered market house, an ancient Hospital with its pretty Gothic chapel, and innumerable gabled houses, are amongst the attractions which it offers to the archaeologist or artist. The church is a most interesting and singular building. It possesses an Early Norman choir, a large nave and aisles, chiefly Early English, a single transept to the north of the most elaborate Decorated work, the whole of the tracery of the windows being powdered all over with "ball flowers," and a large detached tower quite isolated from the rest of the church, after the manner of the Italian campanile, and crowned by a very lofty spire. There are several interesting monuments, amongst others one to a lady evidently of Edward III.'s time. The arms carved upon it are those of the Royal House of England, but it is unknown for whom this beautiful tomb was erected. The little lane running up from the market-place to the church is remarkably picturesque, and the Market House, supported upon wooden columns, is a charming example of mediæval architecture. Opposite to the last-named building is the stone front of the old hospital founded by Bishop Hugh Follott in 1232, with its embattled gateway and quaint old chapel. Before taking leave of Ledbury we must call attention to the restoration of the church going on at present. We cannot conceive why the internal walls should be pointed with black mortar, when it is so evident that the ancient mortar was white. These great coarse black lines running all over the building are destructive of breadth, although they may claim the late M. Viollet le Duc as an authority in their favour.

We have recently given an account of Tewkesbury Abbey in *The Graphic*, so we will not repeat what has been previously written upon that superb church and its famous monuments; we, however, give a sketch of the Warwick Chapel, with its profusion of canopy work and delicate tracery screens. This exquisite monumental chapel was erected by Isabel, Countess of Warwick, in memory of her first husband, Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Worcester, who was slain at the siege of Meaux in 1421. This lady subsequently married another Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, a cousin of her former husband. By her second husband she had a son, Henry, who during his father's lifetime, for some reason or other, went by his mother's family name, "Le Despenser," and was known as "Lord le Despenser;" he was created Duke of Warwick by Henry VI., and crowned "King of the Isle of Wight." He married Cicely, daughter of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, by whom he had one child, Anne. He died at the age of twenty-two, and his daughter Anne only outlived him four years, so the vast estates of Beauchamp and of the Despensers all passed into the possession of Anne, aunt of the former, and sister of Duke Henry. This Anne married another Richard Neville, who was created Earl of Warwick, and is known as the "King Maker." Duke Henry, his Duchess, and Anne his daughter, were all buried at Tewkesbury Abbey. H. W. BREWER

### BEN JONSON'S MAGISTRATES

"RARE BEN JONSON," who is not half enough appreciated in these degenerate days, draws some very witty character-sketches of the "Great Unpaid" in the days of the Virgin Queen and her gossiping successor, King James. Somehow a magistrate has always been open to the shafts of the world's wits. But 300 years ago there was rollicking, good-humoured fun in the dramatist's quips which is lacking in the pert critique of the Press-writer of to-day. "Robert Shallow, Esq., in the county of Gloucester, Justice of Peace and coroner," has passed into history, and has for us as veritable an existence as Sir Matthew Hale or Blackstone. The simple-minded, somewhat conceited old man, upon whom the curtain drops while Sir John Falstaff still owes him a thousand pounds, is known to all of us. We laugh lightly at his simplicity and pomposity, but we claim him as a friend. The Justices of Peace whom Ben Jonson portrays are just as much entitled to our friendly recognition. What could be better than Justice Clement, who very appropriately, in the *dramatis persona* of *Every Man in His Humour*, is described as "an old, merry magistrate." He gives the life-like colour to an otherwise pedantic setting, for Jonson was not always happy in his groupings of characters. To Shakespeare belonged pre-eminently the faculty of depicting the man "in his habit as he lived." Many of Jonson's puppets, on the contrary, walk on stilts, and others are caricatured out of proportion. But Justice Clement, who lived "in the middle of Coleman Street," is one of the delightful exceptions. Burly of form, ruddy of face, plethoric, and choleric,—the very antipodes in his carelessness of consequences of Mr. Nupkins, the Ipswich magistrate, celebrated in "Pickwick,"—he commands our immediate respect. When Oliver Cob, who had come to "crave the peace" of his worship, ventured into an extra-judicial charge against "vagrant tobacco," the charms of which had only lately been offered to the world by Sir Walter Raleigh, the indignation of the "old merry magistrate" who had evidently indulged in the divine weed, broke out:—

"Clem.—Ha! you speak against tobacco? Formal, his name.

"Formal—What's your name, sirrah?

"Cob—Oliver, sir, Oliver Cob, sir.

"Clem.—Tell Oliver Cob he shall go to the jail, Formal. 'Spacious! An' such drunkards and tankards as you are come to dispute of tobacco once I have done. Away with him!"

But by and by the Justice's shrewd humour stands him in good stead, and we behold him clearing the clouds of jealousy which had put every man out of his humour in the play. The play should be read to be appreciated. How good-humoured old Ben was may be seen in that act of Justice Clement's. The merry magistrate takes the "poet" Matthew's MSS., and as he burns them says: "Here was enough to have infested the whole city if it had not been taken in time. See, see how our poet's glory shines! Brighter and brighter! Still it increases. O, now it is at the highest, and now it declines as fast. You may see, *Sic transit gloria mundi*." Then he proceeds, "Nay, no speech or act of mine be drawn against such as profess it worthily. They are not born every year, as an alderman. There goes more to the making of a good poet than a sheriff." Then his punishment of the false soldier and the false poet is immense—"While we are at supper you two shall penitently fast it out i' the court without, and if you will you may pray there that we may be so merry within as to forgive or forget you when we come out."

In *Bartholomew Fair* Adam Overdo, "a Justice of Peace," is a well-drawn, life-like character. In the prudish, peak-bearded, buckram-doubletted man, who creeps into Bartholomew Fair professing to guard the morals of the people over whom he was set, we catch a glimpse of a character who in Jonson's day was beginning to develop into the rank hypocrite of the next generation. Adam Overdo was in fact a very ordinary man, strict and formal in his public behaviour, but ready to snigger at and enjoy in secret the forbidden things of this wicked world. But he says some smart things, and one of the best is said as he creeps into Bartholomew Fair disguised in the tights and cap of a fool. "They may have seen many a fool in the habit of Justice, but never till now a Justice in the habit of a fool." We get a curious glimpse of the manners of the people in the homely which Overdo commences to read off to himself. "Never shall I enough commend a worthy worshipful man, sometime a capital member of this city, for his high wisdom in this point, who would take you now

the habit of a porter, now of a carman, now of the dog-killer in the month of August, and in the winter of a seller of tinder-boxes. And what would he do in all these shapes? Marry, go you into every alehouse and down into every cellar, measure the length of puddings, take the gauge of black pots and cans, ay, and custard with a stick, their circumference with a thread, and weigh the loaves of bread on his middle finger." The adventures of Adam Overdo on his journey through Bartholomew Fair, though not so heroic as those of Ulysses on his way home from the Trojan War, are infinitely more entertaining. The silencing of the "over-righteous" magistrate is one of the happiest bits ever introduced into a play.

In that amusing play, *The Devil is an Ass*, which ought to be specially interesting in these days of wonderful schemes, the character of Sir Paul Eitherside, lawyer and justice, is admirably drawn. Sir Paul Eitherside might have been one of those credulous baronets who are continually lending their names to prospectuses of public companies. Meercraft, the "projector," whom Jonson so happily delineates, was full of arts for making fortunes for his patrons. By one of his "prospectuses" he proposed to clear "two and twenty thousand pound on bottle-ale." "Yes, sir, it's cast to penny-halfpenny-farthing, on the back side there you may see it, read; I will not bate a Harrington of the sum. I'll win it in my water, and my malt, my furnaces and hanging of my coppers, the tonning and the subtlety of my yeast; and then the earth of my bottles which I dig, turn up, and steep and work and Neal myself to a degree of porcelaine. I will save in cork in my mere stop'ling above three thousand pound within that term, by googing of them out just to the size of my bottles, and not slicing. There's infinite loss in that." Sir Paul Eitherside is the softest of clay in the hands of that wondrous potter, and believes the wildest and most absurd stories. But, unlike Justice Clement and Adam Overdo, Jonson does not succeed in giving him a distinct personality. To be sure there is not much scope for humour in the character of a solemn prig, except at his expense, and in that way Jonson indulges to the full in the tricks which he makes Meercraft, the projector, play off upon him.

The magistrate in *A Tale of a Tub*, Justice Preamble, does not appear in his official capacity, and so does not call for notice.

T. H. NORTH

### A PRESENT FROM A FRIEND

BUTTER's personal appearance was decidedly against her, and when to her peculiarly satanic aspect was added a habit of taking violent antipathies to people about the place, it of course followed that she could not become a favourite. Her name was awarded from no natural softness or oleaginous propensity, but on account of the diligent use she made of her head. In fact, to her antipathies she was a kind of animated battering ram, and when on what that historical personage Mr. Joe Gargery termed "the rampage," she carried all before her.

Simmons never liked her, and being a man with a strong distaste for what he termed "strange beasties," he shook his head at her and prophesied ill. It is, perhaps, going too far to say that the old man had any really superstitious belief in demoniacal possession; but he used to mutter about Butter darkly. "Nature, sir, allers puts her mark on beasties of a kindly sort, same as lambs and pigs; but look at that there crittur, with her horns and black beard and hoofs. I don't say nothing agin her, sir, but she ain't no good."

It never seemed to occur to Simmons that the lamb and the pig both bore cloven hoofs, as well as Dovey, the Jersey cow that he petted and milked night and morning in addition to his duties as gardener, but certainly Butter's personal appearance was sadly against her, and the maids looked upon her with as much disfavour as the gardener himself. Butter came to us when little Linny was ordered asses' milk for nutrition, and a maternal ass not being easily procurable, a friend—please note: a friend—suggested a goat. "Why, my dear fellow," he exclaimed, "it will answer all the purposes, and I can give you one in full milk."

Of course I expressed my gratitude, and inquired about food. "Food," he cried, "why a goat will eat anything. Let it graze in the yard, and when grass grows short you can feed it on old boots or your newspapers. Nothing comes amiss to a goat."

This was candour itself, but my friend said no more. I had to find out the qualities of the lady goat for myself, and at once I may as well set down all there was on the credit side, *i.e.*, she gave abundantly most excellent and nutritious milk. That was all, for if ever mischief were incarnate upon this earth it must have been in our present, which my friend hastened to send with a very kindly letter, and I was told of the animal's arrival as I was dressing one stormy morning in June. The present had been placed in the stable, and hurriedly finishing my preparations, I went down, crossed the yard, and opened the top half-door of the stable to start back in horror, for, as the door swung back, something sprang up, a pair of cloven hoofs were placed over the bottom half of the door, and I found myself face to face with about as perfect a resemblance of an old-fashioned ideal demon as ever artist placed upon a canvas, and in the blackest dyes. There were the sharp curved horns, the pointed beard, and glaring eyes almost on a level with my face, and it was not until I was saluted by an ill-used prolonged bleat that I recovered from my astonishment, and proceeded to administer caresses after the approved fashion of rubbing the creature's nose and pulling its horns.

It approved, however, of neither, but allowed itself to drop back into the stable, retreated a few paces, and then, before I could realise what was to follow, charged at the door, making it crack with the violence of the butt, and ending by leaping right out into the yard and charging me.

It is not my fault that I am not a brave man. I was not my own parent, or I might have been as brave as Alonzo, who had the bad taste to come in such unpleasant guise to visit the fair Imogen. Failing, however, in this bravery, I took to my heels, chased by the goat; and the next moment was over the wall in the kitchen garden, rather scratched and discomposed, but in other respects unhurt. Safety being assured, indignation and annoyance followed, for there is something very lowering to a man's dignity to find that he has been chased off his own premises by a goat, an animal which literally displayed the cloven hoof—cloven hoofs, I should say—for while I was thinking what it would be best to do the creature's hoofs appeared over the low wall. Then there was a rustle, and I had a peep of the curved black horns, but only a momentary peep, for the black tips disappeared, and directly after there was the rattling of hoofs on the dog kennel, a good deal of chain rattling and barking, and then my present appeared upon the low wall, trotting confidently along towards the out-house, upon which it leaped, rattling the tiles as it ascended to the ridge, where it paused, turning its head, and making horny feints at nothing, as if it were perched upon a chine of the native mountains of some remote parent of the past. But even this did not suffice, for the ridge being traversed, there were higher rocks to reach, and before I could realise what was about to happen, the goat was clattering over the slates of the stable, and had perched itself upon that higher ridge, where it began to browse upon some moss and lichen in a state of the most perfect content.

I had never before realised that a goat is essentially a climbing animal, one's ideas in connection with it being that it was a four-footed animal, wearing hair instead of wool, and ordained by nature to draw little chaises at our seaside resorts. Here, however, I was brought face to face with the natural propensities of the goat, and of course the next idea was how to get it down. The browsing on lichen presented the means, and, hurrying away, I pulled two or

three feathery plumed carrots, and returned, to hold them out temptingly to the goat, calling "Nanny" the while. For a few moments she paid no attention, but the sight of the red and green carrots had its effect, and she came clattering down in a break-neck way, baaing loudly, snatched the carrots from my hand, ate them, and then seemed to apologise for her former rough behaviour by bleating for more.

We were friends from that moment, and Butter supplied the nursery most liberally. She evidently associated me henceforth with food, and my appearance within eyeshot was the signal for a rush from this most importunate of beggars, one, however, who resented neglect with her horns and head to such an extent that in mere self-defence, and to Simmons' great disgust, the choicest of vegetables too often fell to her lot. She was a very epicure in her way, and refused as gifts any but the best of the garden produce, though, left to herself, she would choose her own varieties, to wit, such as the bark of the Marie Louise peas, trained over the stable, and the same covering of the Alderton plum nailed against the dairy wall. Wherever there was a young fruit tree in the orchard the wood was laid bare; and the shrubbery, Simmons declared, was totally spoiled. It may have been done out of enmity to the old gardener, who hated her most fervently, the dislike being returned ever since the day when Simmons resented the attentions of Butter to his greasy old velvet jacket, which she found hanging on a tree in the orchard. She had eaten the whole of the collar, and had begun upon one cuff, before Simmons, who was digging potatoes hard by, raised his body upright, and glanced round. No sooner, however, did he catch sight of the ruin descending upon his coat than he ran to the attack, and liberally belaboured Butter's side with the handle of the fork, the goat running off, uttering a series of indignant bleatings, to nurse her revenge in the yard. This revenge was not long in coming to maturity, for soon after she walked slowly back, leaped the little gate, threaded her way amongst the trees, and went straight for the velvet jacket to finish her repast. This, however had now been placed far beyond her reach by the help of the handle of the Dutch hoe, and Butter soon found that it was of no avail to raise herself upon her hind legs, and perform a graceful *pas*. Simmons was, however, within view, stooping in unconscious innocence over the noble Magnum Bonums he was turning up in rows, and, turning upon him, there was a quick, short charge, a loud thud, and Simmons was lying groaning amongst the potatoes, the qualities of which esculent the goat then proceeded to test without paying the slightest heed to her fallen foe.

Simmons always attributed his pain and lameness to the attack of the goat; but as he had suffered these ills at intervals for years, consequent upon sciatic attacks, perhaps Butter obtained more condemnation than was her due. Still, her sins had become too flagrant to be passed over unnoticed. She had spoiled the better part of the orchard, invaded the shrubbery, made the garden her happy hunting ground, and destroyed the vegetables to such an extent that Simmons had declared labour to be in vain; but still she was tolerated for the sake of her bland and life-giving offerings at the nursery shrine till in an evil moment she took to leaping over a neighbour's boundary, and carrying on incursions within his sacred precincts. Then her fate was sealed, and an advertisement was inserted offering this fine milch goat for sale. That advertisement was repeated again and again without avail. No one responded, and it was now that I began to realise the fact that no one in the possession of the ordinary amount of sense would buy a goat. At last a happy thought dawned upon me. I would give it back to my friend, the donor, with thanks. When, however, I proposed it, he laughed derisively.

"Not if I know it," he replied.

"But it is such a mischievous beast," I said, indignantly.

"Yes, she is mischievous—I never knew a worse," he said, coolly.

"And yet you gave her to me!"

"Well, you wanted a goat, didn't you?"

"Yes, but not such a fiend incarnate as that."

"Oh, they're all alike, my dear boy, and I wanted to get rid of it."

"And pray, what am I to do with it now?" I asked in what I meant for a sarcastic tone.

"Oh, I should make her a present to a friend," he said, coolly.

That was all the satisfaction I could get; and after a little bit of a struggle with conscience, I did give Butter to a man I did not like, and whose enmity would not much matter if he took offence.

He smiled at me in a Quilpish way last time we met, but he did not say anything. Perhaps he was thinking of the state of his decorticated orchard. If I knew, however, for a fact that he had made some one else a present of the goat, I should advise every reader to avoid being the recipient of such a gift.

GEO. MANVILLE FENN

A MUTUAL AUTOPSY SOCIETY exists in Paris whose members pledge themselves to leave their bodies to the Anthropological Laboratory for dissection, a statement of the result of the *post mortem* being drawn up at a very low price for the members of the deceased's family. The society has prospered for two years, and now, the *Parisian* tells us, appeals for further members, who, "after having been useful during their life, are fired by the noble ambition of being useful after death." The advantage to science is specially urged, because, whereas generally the dissection subjects are unknown to the operators, in the present case the examiners, knowing the character and personality of the deceased would be able to study properly the relations between the body and the brain. Members of this society would certainly look on cremation as a waste of valuable material, and yet in the United States the process is fast creeping into favour, though not so successful as in Italy and Germany. The tenth case at the Washington furnace is just reported, while a dying spinster has expressed her desire to form the next subject.

### A STREET IN PORT LOUIS, MAURITIUS

PORT LOUIS, the capital of a sugar and vanilla growing colony, is inhabited by a wonderful mixture of races and half-castes, numbering altogether about 70,000. It is situated in the hollow of a circular range of hills, formed by an ancient volcano, that reflect concentrated heat, store up miasmatic vapours, or collect the eddies of gales and hurricanes. Our engraving, which represents an ordinary street scene, is from a sketch by Major H. G. Robley, of the Sutherland and Argyll Highlanders, who writes as follows:—"Nearly every corner house is the shop of the patient, irrepressible heathen Chinese, who never smiles, doing a trade in almost everything, particularly that of selling cheap and poisonous liquors. Over the door is the superscription:

MR. AH SIN BROTHERS.

Consolidated Retailer  
of Colonial Produce.

No. 4567

At his doorway an imbibor of his port (?) or rum seems to have been suddenly taken ill, and not being a favourable advertisement is being shoved away. The cast-off tunics of the British army are sent to Mauritius in thousands, and the coat of the Grenadier linesman or gay Hussar is worn by some skulking Malabar or Madrassee coolie with thin bare legs, one of whom thus arrayed is passing the by no means cheerful establishment at the left-hand corner, whose owner, in contemplative mood, cigarette in hand, with lack-lustre eye influenced by his sad trade, is one of the numerous artificers of coffins; his stock-in-trade piled up behind the door shows a thriving trade, for sickness flourishes in this town. The local papers teem with obituary



notices, their advertisements often refer to the same subject, and contain light reading about epidemics and other diseases that ravage man and beast, including the few deer on the hills. A great deal of mourning is worn.

"Our artist chatting while taking his sketch near the Creole coffin dealer, asked him whether business was flourishing, and if he would like an order in advance. With a shrug of the shoulder he says, 'Do not be angry with me, sir. I only complete the decrees of Providence.' Talking to the Coolie man in cast-off tunic, who is telling of some wrong at the top of his voice in the hideous jargon called 'Creole,' is a cross-breed native peeler, who notwithstanding his staff of authority does not look as if he had strength enough to 'run in' the feeblest malefactor.

"Perhaps a new arrival in Port Louis would remark the open drains which meander by the roadside, but they are so numerous that habit accustoms all but the nose to them. The *chiens marrons*, or vagrant curs which haunt the town, are enabled by this benevolent institution to pick up a scanty livelihood from the garbage which floats down them.

"In the centre is a *néné*, or nurse, who is taking a couple of snuff-and-butter-coloured children to mass. Casting an admiring glance at her is a young Creole gentleman, one of the "jeunes gens" of the place, irreverently pronounced by most English as 'Jing-jongs.'

"A fat cook of Mozambique extraction is being saluted by a friend of equally high colour, with the true politeness that has been picked up from the French, who once were masters here, and who still form the bulk of the white population.

"Standing in the doorways, at gates, or leaning out of the windows of the little wooden houses, gossiping or staring inquisitively at the passers-by, are seen women of every complexion, from ebony black, through brown and yellow, to pure white. Further up the street is an Indian woman with numerous bangles and anklets, carrying on her hip her bright-eyed child. She has just passed two 'jollidogues' of the 'Arry type, who are about to imbibe poisonous white rum at the next Chinaman's shanty.

"The bare feet and general squalor does not strike one as it would at home; here man requires so little to live, a rag to cover his hide, and a pennyworth of rice washed down with Adam's ale.

"A 'carriole,' the conveyance or cab of the island, now appears behind a miserable pony. It is a box on wheels, with canvas awning. The fare has to step on the shaft, and squeeze past the driver to the back portion of this cramped vehicle.



A BABY ORANG-OUTANG

"In the neglected gardens beautiful cayenne palms rear their heads in the sun, gorgeous scarlet and purple Bougainvillias riot over the verandahs and palings. The background is filled in by the curious lava ridges, which surround the town on three sides, and cause the heat in summer to be intolerable by the radiation from their bare slopes and precipices. The 'Pouce,' a peak so called from its resemblance to a thumb, appears near an enormous gap or cut on the hill like an embrasure for giant cannon.

"Mauritius is intensely loyal, and 'Le God save' is frequently heard on conclusion of entertainments. It was visited by the 'Duc d'Edinburgh,' and shops that were 'fournisseurs' to him glory in the Royal Arms."

#### ON BOARD A STEAM TRAWLER

Our engraving, which is from a sketch by Mr. William Banks, shows the remarkable scene presented on board one of the many steam trawlers now carrying on operations with such marked success in nearly all the principal fishing-grounds around our coast. Against the application of steam to this valuable industry a tremendous hue and cry has been raised; spawn and bait beds are declared to be ravished and destroyed by this process, and fishermen generally take a very despairing view of the situation, not a few of them regarding their occupation as gone. Whether this complaint is well founded, or whether it is simply due to the prejudice which invariably hampers a new order of affairs, is still an unsettled question.

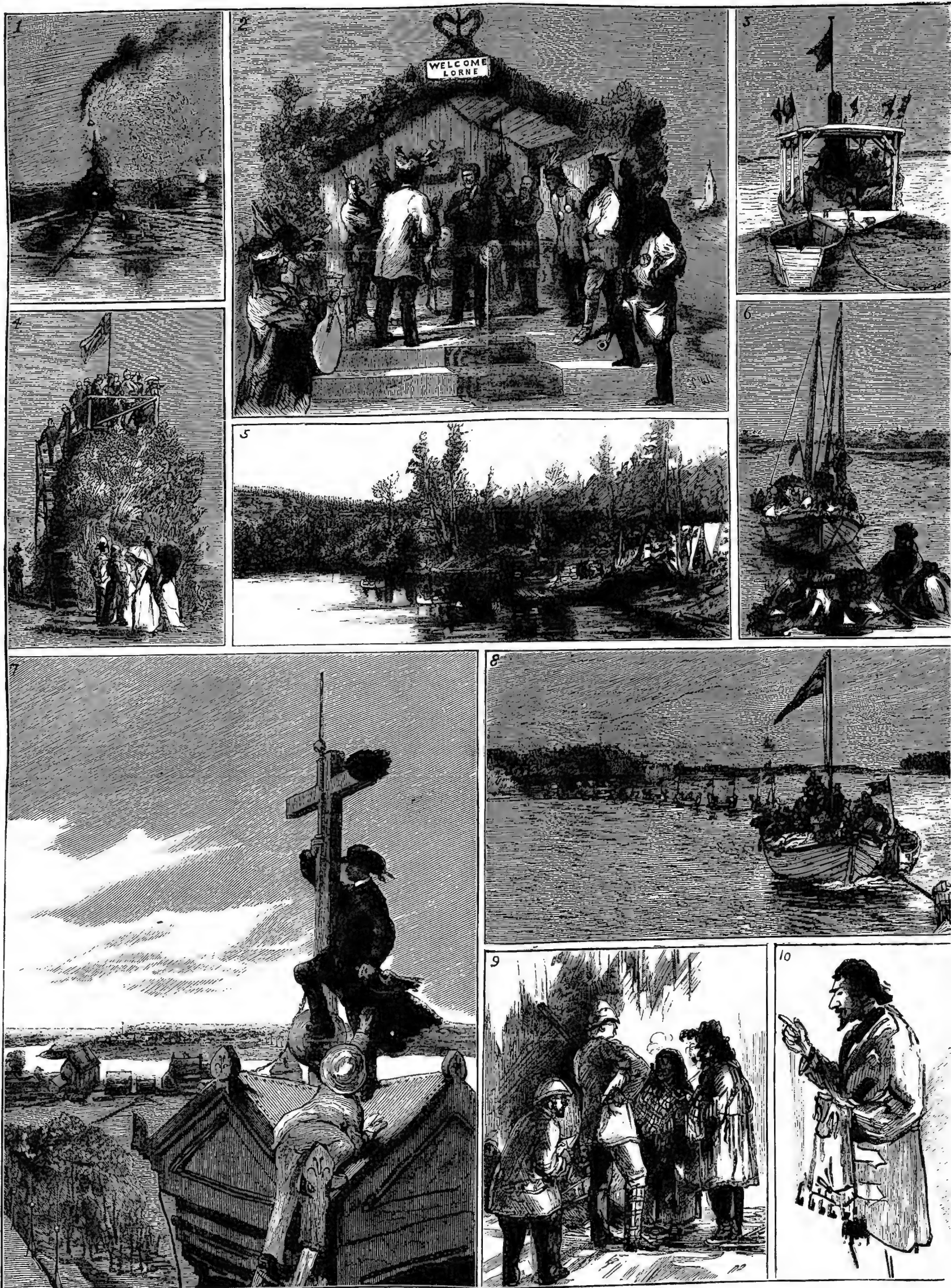
The boats thus engaged are powerful but in other respects ordinary tug steamers fitted up with a few simple but effective appliances for their purpose, the chief of which is the trawl. This consists of a pine beam measuring about thirty feet long, fitted at either end with large steel hoops, which support it three or four feet from the ground. To, and all along this beam, is attached the upper part of what may be termed the mouth of the bag or net, the lower jaw, so to speak, being weighted to the ground by a stout hawser binding, which enables it to accommodate itself to the bed of the sea; in this manner it is dragged along at the rate of from three to four miles an hour, gulping down like some huge sea monster everything that comes in its way, until time, or the strain upon the hawser that drags it, declares to those on board the necessity of "heaving up."

Steam winch and crane are then brought into requisition, and the glittering mass cast upon the deck in the manner portrayed.



ON BOARD A STEAM TRAWLER IN THE FIRTH OF FORTH—THE CATCH  
DRAWN BY WILLIAM BANKS





1. Nearing the Devil's Gap: Rat Portage, July 29.—2. Pow-wow, Garden River Reserve on the St. Marie River.—3. Eagle Lake, July 28.—4. How Mr. Norquay (the Premier) Raised a Mountain in Manitoba.—5. Arrival at Dryberry Lake.—6. Wabegoon Lake, the Yacht Carrying His Excellency from the Tug.—7. View of Winnipeg from amongst Lightning Rods of St. Boniface College.—8. Lake of the Woods: Line of Canoes being Towed by the Tug.—9. His Excellency holding a Drawing Room on the Canadian Pacific Railway: An Indian Chief Introducing his Favourite Squaw, Wabegoon Lake, July 27.—10. The Great "Black Stone" (Blackstone) Laying Down the Law at the Landing.

TO THE GREAT NORTH-WEST WITH THE MARQUIS OF LORNE—IV.

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL





ONE thinks so habitually of "Fichte" as "the great Ego," the uncompromising Transcendentalist, that one is startled when Professor Adamson, in the new volume of the "Philosophical Classics" (Blackwood) speaks of him as a man of action rather than of thought. No doubt, at his centenary in 1862, his patriotic "Addresses to the German nation" were praised far more than his "Wissenschaftslehre;" but then, in 1862, Germany was looking forward to Sadowa, if not to Sedan. The fun of the thing is that the addresses, which by the way made singularly little noise when delivered, were not objected to by the French, then occupying Berlin. Davoust warned Schleiermacher and Wolf; but Fichte managed to enwrap his patriotism in such a speculative cloud that it passed unobserved. Indirectly, however, the war caused his death. His wife, who worked incessantly in the hospitals during the winter of 1813, was struck down by fever; he nursed her sedulously, and caught the disease. As with Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley, the husband succumbed, the wife recovered. Fichte had settled at Berlin after his expulsion from Jena, where he might, perhaps, have lived down the charge of Atheism, backed though it was by Saxe-Weimar influence, had he not made himself very unpopular with the students by interfering with their *Gesellschaft* in his attempts to raise the tone of morals. At Berlin, where the king cynically said it was God's business, not his, to inquire into a man's religion, he found a literary society constructed almost on free-love principles, F. Schlegel setting the example by living with Dorothea Veit. Fichte was scandalised at such a state of things, and there was no love lost between him and the *élite* of the Prussian capital. However, he was chosen Rector of the new Berlin University, in founding which he had a considerable share. That he did not long hold his office cannot be wondered at when he used to reply to the protests of the Senate; "Not I, as an individual, desire this, but the idea that speaks and acts through me." Mr. Adamson disclaims all pretensions to give more than an introduction to Fichte's philosophy, but this he does well, and as clearly as the subject allows, showing the difference between dogmatism and idealism, between Leibnitz and Spinoza, and pointing out how far Fichte gets beyond Berkeley. Objective and subjective facts, and the *tertium quid* of a thinking subject, which we unconsciously place alongside them, form the English method, as contrasted with the Berkeleyan or psychological and the speculative method of Fichte. It is hopeless, in our brief notice, to give any notion of this method and of its developments, or to examine the statement that Fichte is Spinoza expressed in terms of Kant. Those who care to puzzle out the meaning of axioms like "The Ego pos-its originally and simply its own being," will find this little volume a great help. The cry is still for a more thorough metaphysic which shall reconcile the apparent differences between scientific realism and that philosophic method of which the "Wissenschaftslehre" is a type. "Psychology," says Professor Huxley, "differs from physical science only in the nature of its subject matter, and not in its method of investigation," but, however this may be, the contrast between these methods is of the sharpest, and an adequate solution of the meaning of experience yet remains to be found.

"Household Horticulture" (Chatto and Windus) is one of the pleasantest books we have seen for a long while. Tom and Jane Jerrold, in their "Gossip About Flowers," show that the growth of cities has made window gardening a necessity; and that the need has been to some extent successfully met is proved by their having been able to give such a title as "Floral London" to one of their chapters. When middle-aged men were boys, London was, perhaps, the dingiest, dreariest city in Europe; it has now become "a city of summer flowers," and, if we can but keep the fogs within bounds, it may become also a place of winter gardens. Mr. and Miss Jerrold do not notice the change that has come over some of the city graveyards, a change that might well be extended to the suburbs; but they speak of the value of plants as air purifiers, this valuable quality belonging not only to the tender bluegum, but to the sunflower, the bay, the pine tree, &c. We are glad they protest against the barbarous incongruity of "virgin cork" on stuccoed house fronts, and against the melancholy parterres of coloured sand and broken stone which the South Kensington Horticultural brought into fashion. Window gardening, inside and out, of course, gives room for suggestive chapters; but more novel are the remarks on flowers instead of fire stove ornaments. Here we venture to add a word. The effect of foliage-weeds on the hearth like hogweed and cow parsley and forget-me-not (actually growing) is beautiful; but our authors don't insist enough on the need, not only of changing the water, but of cleansing the vases. The succulent growths which form the best stove ornament want most care to keep them sweet. In "The Use and Abuse of Wild Flowers" a not unnecessary plea is put in for some conscience in fern-gathering. Many places have been wholly stripped of their ferns, and even the primrose has here and there been almost extirpated. About house-top gardens our authors are not very enthusiastic. A good deal may be done without glass; but roof-greenhouses will only flourish where "expense is no object." Camellias, we are sorry to hear, are out of favour; and we hope what is here said of them and of oleanders will help to reinstate such really admirable and very manageable flowers. Of the tomato as a window plant we cannot endorse the commendation. Its strong smell surely makes against it. Among palms we wonder the date palm is not named. It can be easily raised from the seed, and, though not beautiful, is worth growing as a curiosity. Pedestrians will be glad to learn that a bath of hay tea is a panacea for over-fatigue and all its accompanying ills—including, we suppose, that sleeplessness which so often ruins a "good long day." It must be hay from natural grass, if (as we are told) the scent of the "sweet vernal grass" is the specific.

Indian history is proverbially dull; and the books hitherto written about it have done little to enliven its dullness. It was, therefore a good thought of Mr. Talboys Wheeler to retell the "Annals of India in Narratives," giving in "Tales from Indian History" (Thacker: London, Calcutta, and Bombay), something to encourage the student, as "Stories from Herodotus" are supposed to lead the schoolboy on to attack the less attractive sections of the father of history. For, dull as it is, Indian history must be more studied than it has been. To officer a country with youths who, if they got marks enough in mathematics and German, were not troubled much about the past records or present habits of the people whom they would have to manage, is a notion that never could have occurred to any one but a fanatic for competition. We have at last come to insist on a good deal of special knowledge from our Civil servants; but we ought to have still more of it. Boys meant for India should suck in Indian matters with their Latin accidence, as the old Company's cadets, brought up among home traditions, could hardly help doing. Mr. Wheeler's book will be a great help in this way; boys are sure to like it, for it is even more sensational than the "Tales of a Grandfather," on the lines of which we are told it was planned. The brusquely terse style will please them, and will (we hope) wean native students, for whom (as well as for folks at home) the work is meant, from their love of fine writing. It will delight an English boy and astonish a young Baboo to read that "Warren Hastings was a little man, with a

resolute cast of features, indomitable energy, and courteous manners. He never climbed a church steeple or fought other boys like Robert Clive." Mr. Wheeler's estimate of Hastings is very fair: he believes (as we do) that he took that first 100,000*l.* from the Nawab Vizier, and he points out the illegality (by Indian law) of Nuncomar's hanging, whatever may be said of its expediency. Of the mode of Lord Clive's death he is silent; and he might have said more about Dupleix; and about the Dyce Sombre case which grew out of the fortunes of one who is certainly an instance of the wicked man prospering to the end. The second Sikh campaign is dismissed in a few lines, Chillianwallah being spoken of as an indecisive battle; and the Burmese wars, condemned by the philanthropists, are briefly but firmly justified. Whether the Mutiny would never have broken out had it been explained that no issue of the new cartridges had taken place, and had the Sepoys been left to grease their own, we cannot tell. We are glad, for the sake of native readers, that the massacre at Cawnpore is spoken of with deserved indignation. Mr. Wheeler insists on the value to Indians of a year or two in Europe, and looks forward to the day when Indian nobles and merchants will, as a matter of course, send their sons to our Universities. He points out that there is no history of the Indian people apart from their chiefs and sovereigns, for there has never been any popular movement, though surely this should be limited to politics, for religious movements, some of them with a marked political effect, there certainly have been; the Buddhist reformation and the Sikh polity are cases in point. That Akbar was for a time a Christian, that Aurungzebe was "a Moghul Cromwell," and that the wars of Mahmud Ghuzni are as romantic as those of Charlemagne, most of Mr. Wheeler's readers will willingly admit. We cannot imagine a more useful or acceptable present for a boy whom it is desirable to interest about India. His curiosity is sure to be whetted by the stirring narratives amid which Mr. Wheeler has embedded so much solid information. We need scarcely remark that the author's late position in India, as History Professor in the Madras Presidency College, enabled him to adapt his work to the needs of native students.

Mr. H. Hensman, of the Allahabad *Pioneer* and the *Daily News*, the only special correspondent who was with our troops during the late Afghan troubles, has republished the letters which he wrote on the field. These have already received the highest commendation from Sir F. Roberts: "Nothing," he writes, "could be more accurate or graphic;" and he cordially congratulates the writer on giving descriptions of Charasiab and other scenes "which any soldier might have been proud to write." They quite deserve Sir Frederic's praise, and will certainly take rank as the best record of the tangled events which, beginning with Cavagnari's massacre, ended with the battle of Candahar. At what followed that battle Mr. Hensman only glances. His closing chapters go back to the sad defeat of Maiwand (of which he gave the first non-official account) and the siege of Candahar. Even now it is sad in the extreme to read the story of Lieutenant MacLaine's murder, and of the general indignation against Ayoub, who might have saved him, and "with whom there can for the future be no question of treating." It is a little disappointing, too, in the face of what has since happened, to read that "though Abdurrahman has not in Cabul itself a faction worthy of the name, his prestige lies in the support the hardier tribesmen are willing to give him as a soldier and a ruler." The account of the fight at Ahmed Khel is wonderfully vivid. One sees the Ghazis rushing across five or six hundred yards, throwing the 19th Bengal Lancers into confusion, and driving them on the 19th Punjab Native Infantry—penetrating in fact within twenty yards of the place where Sir Donald Stewart and the Staff were watching the affair. They were only defeated thanks to the breechloader; and their onset ought to be a warning of the mischief that a few desperately reckless men may do. Little matters as well as great ones come in for Mr. Hensman's criticism. Thus he notes that all the wire and posts of a railway just set up at a cost of 20,000 rupees from Ali Kheyl to Dobundi was carried off by the hillmen. "The Afghan War" (Allen and Co.), is not only an addition to our military literature, but is a capital book for the general reader.

We do not like Mr. Grenville Murray's "Side Lights on English Society" (Vizetelly); and we do not think Her Majesty, to whom (without permission) the book is dedicated, will like it. Mr. Murray thinks his "side-lights" will help to reform our morals just as the "Marriage à la Mode" and the "Guards' March to Finchley" helped to mend the ways of eighteenth-century soldiers and civilians. We think his light is not the dry light of truth, but rather the glare of the casino. Women flirt, and men gamble, and there are such things as semi-detached couples; but it cannot do any good to exaggerate our social weaknesses in "loud" letterpress and still "louder" engravings. Besides, judging by what we know, we demur to Mr. Murray's facts. He, who has been a diplomat, says that Foreign Office clerks regularly exact black mail from secretaries and *attachés*. This seems as likely as that young Lord Chuckstone should set his bull-dog at a mild clergyman who shares with him a first-class railway carriage, and that the guard should advise the parson to say nothing, because the offender is a lord. Such things are possible; but it is simply impossible that the said lord should be dining in his college rooms, in cap and gown, and that the Dean, cap in hand, should walk in and interrupt this meal with a sentence of expulsion. Let us hope that a good deal besides in these volumes is to be set down to Mr. Murray's long absence having made him forget what manner of people we are. His abuse of Lord Shaftesbury cannot be so excused. It is in about as good taste as the epithets, "hysteric, incompetent," which he applies to the Premier, under the name of Mr. Paradyse, or his comments on "the ridiculous parsimony of Mr. Benjudah" (Disraeli). We will not believe that "all but the rich are driven from the judgment seat, and there is a tacit understanding among public men that Government must be carried on by an organised system of falsehood, deceit, and injustice."

Volumes XI. and XII. of the *édition de luxe* of the works of Charles Dickens (published by Chapman and Hall, Limited, and printed by Messrs. R. Clay, Sons, and Taylor) contain respectively "A Tale of Two Cities" and "Great Expectations." It seems a pity that the chronological sequence of the stories, as they originally appeared, has not been preserved, but we presume there were pressing reasons for adopting the present arrangement. "A Tale of Two Cities," that delightful prose idyll, is illustrated by Hablot Browne, to whose pencil the picturesque costumes of the French Revolutionary period are especially suited. "Great Expectations," though abounding in amusing and eccentric character-painting, is not one of Dickens' masterpieces, and, after the inimitable "Phiz" etchings, the illustrations, by Messrs. M. Stone and Fraser, appear rather tame and commonplace.

#### THE KINDERGARTEN SYSTEM

FOR years this system has been in use in Germany, and it is at last becoming known in England, though it gains ground far too slowly to please those who know its real worth. It is very suitable for little children, as it combines amusement with instruction, and that amount of life and energy which so often causes children to get into mischief, because not properly directed, is by this means turned to good account. They have so much to interest them, and are really gaining much knowledge without the feeling that they are doing lessons, which so many little ones look upon (not unnaturally, all things considered) with something approaching alarm.

One fault in the greater number of ordinary schools is that children are taught and treated in masses and not individually, which is one of the things which Herr Fröbel considers very

necessary; of course this applies principally to the infants of the lower classes, as those of the middle and upper classes gain what instruction they do receive in the nursery, where too often they are left to those who are really not fitted to instruct even infants, though they may be most kind and devoted to the children; but if the nursery is superintended by a Kindergarten governess or nurse, or the children are sent to a Kindergarten, then they learn to observe, to compare, and to reason, so that they gradually obtain the habit of exercising their faculties upon all which comes within their range.

Much is done by object-teaching, for which purpose the first six gifts are used, viz.—First gift is a box containing six coloured balls; second gift, ball, cube, cylinder; third gift, cube divided once in every way; fourth gift, cube divided into eight planes cut length-ways; fifth gift is an extension of the third—the cube is divided into twenty-seven equal cubes, three of these are further divided into halves and three into quarters; sixth gift stands in the same relation to the fourth as the fifth stands to the third, and by its aid all the exercises given under the fourth may be carried out to a far greater extent.

Besides the gifts there are stick-laying, stick-plaiting, paper-folding, cutting, and pricking, the alphabet box, containing pieces of cardboard in various colours, cut into triangles, quadrangles, and squares, from which letters can be formed and colour taught. Children can commence drawing almost as soon as they can hold a pencil, and when some little progress has been made in that they may be allowed to take up modelling. Gymnastic movements are gone through to music, the children generally at the same time singing, music being much used in the Kindergarten Schools, which as every mother and governess knows is a great attraction to children. At most of these schools visitors are allowed on certain mornings, and it is most interesting to see the wee ones at their several occupations, and notice the interest they manifest. The amusements being absolutely play in work, their little minds are kept interested in all that is going on. Dull children often become bright and cheerful. A little boy who was almost thought to be an idiot was sent to a Kindergarten school, he was there for three months without hardly uttering a sound, but after six months had expired he was one of the most apt pupils. Again, there were two little girls, of apparently great capacity, the eldest was at an ordinary school and the youngest at a Kindergarten, and in a very short time the latter was a long way before the former. Further information on this subject may be obtained at the Kindergarten Establishment, 57, Berners Street, W.



MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.—Part XIV., Vol. III., of "A Dictionary of Musicians" (from Richter to Schobertlechner), is one of the most interesting of the series from the fact that twenty-nine columns are devoted to the life and works of that sweet melodist, Rossini. Monsieur Gustave Chouquet, Keeper of the Museum of the *Conservatoire de Musique* in Paris, has entered upon his pleasing task with zest, hence the result is as complete a summary of Rossini's life and works as could be wished for by his greatest admirers. By the way, one of the chief merits of this admirable Dictionary is the fact that the writers of the respective biographies contained therein are carefully chosen with regard to their special aptitude for and means of information at hand concerning the individual of whom they are writing. Who would have thought that Giachino Antonio Rossini, the only child of very humble parents—his father was town trumpeter and inspector of slaughter-houses, his mother, the daughter of a baker, although the young couple were very happy, in fact he was known amongst his friends as 'the jolly fellow'—would rise to so high a position as a composer. Young Giachino's first music-master was very eccentric, he combined the calling of 'music teaching with the sale of liquors,' and had the convenient habit of sleeping as he stood, another peculiarity of this genius was that he played the scales with two fingers only. Giachino, after three years' study with this genius, was found to be so wild and unsteady that he was placed with a smith, which severe punishment so steadied the youth that he set seriously to work and, in a few months, learned to read at sight, and to sing well enough to take solos in church, at the modest price of three paupers per service. At the age of thirteen Rossini was a sufficiently good singer to be well received at the theatre, he also played the horn at his father's side. At this time his voice broke, and he then entered the Conservatoire at Bologna as student of the cello and of counterpoint; the former he quickly mastered, the latter was always a trouble to him. Mattei, his master, was a pedant, and to the gifted youth's questioning invariably replied "It is the rule." On one occasion, when lecturing his pupil, Mattei remarked, "You have learned enough for a composer in the free style, but for church music much more severe study is necessary." "What!" cried the boy, "do you mean that I know enough to write operas?" "Certainly," was the reply. "Then I want nothing more, for operas are all that I desire to write," was the joyful response of the future composer. The account of Rossini's struggles and trials is graphically written and very interesting. His first opera, *La Cambiale di Matrimonio*, or the "Matrimonial Market," was produced at Vienna in 1810, when he was but eighteen years old, his last, *Zelmira*, in 1824, was produced at Naples, and in London three years after. The genius of Rossini was more in the comic than the tragic vein, witness his *Barbiere di Siviglia*, at the same time his *Semiramide*, *Guglielmo Tell*, and *Moise in Egitto*, prove that he could produce noteworthy operas of a graver style. Besides operas, Rossini composed numerous cantatas, sacred and secular, remarkable amongst which was his *Stabat Mater*, which will keep his name before the world for years to come; it was produced whilst he was suffering torture from a dire disease (1843). We might make many more interesting extracts from this sketch of Rossini's life and career, but refer our readers to the article in question. Rossini died on Friday, November 13th, 1868, and was buried with great honours.—We are always tempted to associate Rousseau with his celebrated "Dream," and his "Lettre sur la Musique Française," through which he brought down a storm of indignation upon his head, by pronouncing the French language to be "without rhythm or melody, and French singing "but a prolonged barking absolutely unsupportable to the unprejudiced ear, French harmony to be crude, devoid of expression, and full of mere padding, French airs to be not airs, and French recitative to be not recitative." "From which I conclude," continues he, "that the French have no music, or never will have any, or if they once should, it will be so much the worse for them." As a composer Rousseau took a very medium position. Many interesting sketches and biographies come under the letters R and S, including the R. A. M.—its origin and progress, the lives of Rubinstein, St. Saëns, and others,—in fact, more than a hundred pages of interesting matter, amongst which is a clever article upon the "Scherzo" by F. Corder.

DINNER PARTIES IN WASHINGTON just now must be rather slow, as it has gone out of fashion to invite ladies to them, the dinners being composed solely of masculine guests. In revenge the ladies have set up "high teas," from which gentlemen are not excluded.







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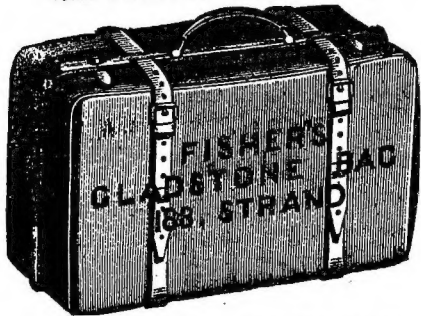
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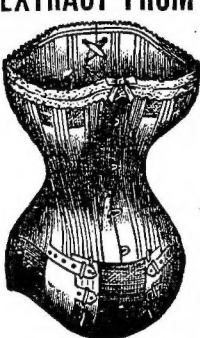
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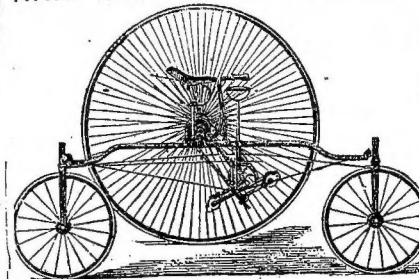
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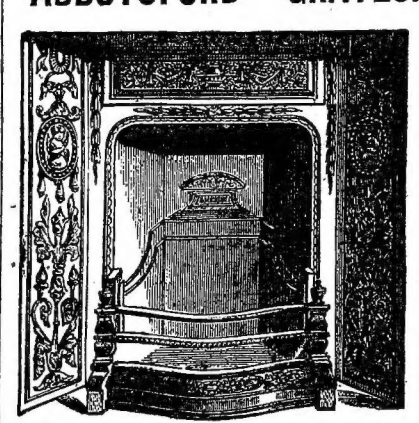
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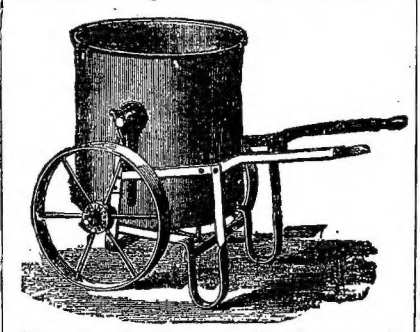


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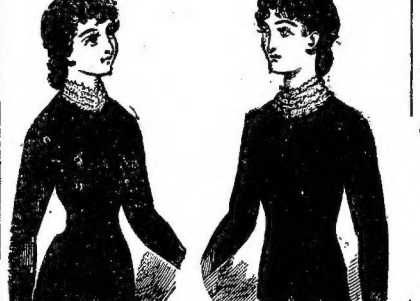
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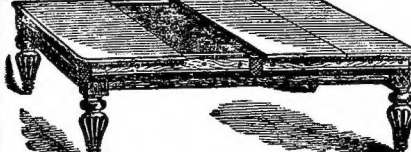
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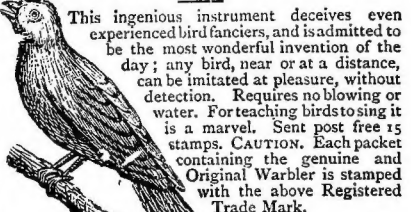
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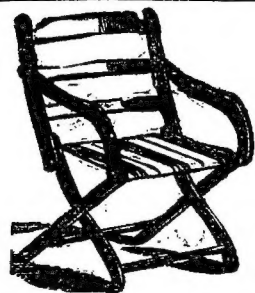
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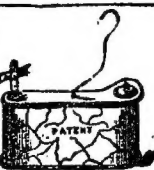
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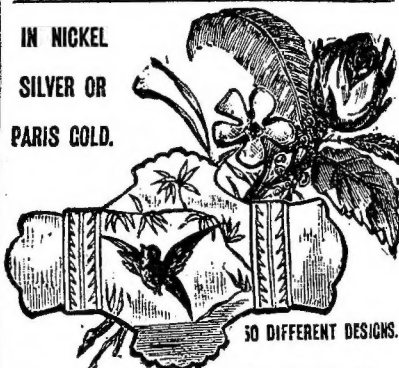
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